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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1894. NUMBER 20.

Poetry.

JANE JONES.

Jane Jones keeps a-whisperin' to me all the time,
And says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons, an' work hard an' learn,
And never be absent from school?
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he climb up to the top;
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in the blacksmithin' shop."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top
Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full o' ambition an' brains,
An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life—
An' see what he got for his pains.
He brought electricity out of the sky
With a kite an' the lightnin' an' key.
So we're owin' him, more'n any one else,
Fer all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she actually said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's allers been hinderin' me
Is not havin' any kite, lightnin', or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme;
An' all the Spaniards an' Italians, too,
They laughed and just said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella she listen't to him,
An' pawned all her jewels o' worth,
An' bought him the Santa Marier 'nd said:
"Go hunt up the rest of the earth."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, that may all be, but you must allow
They ain't any land to discover just now.

—Southern Magazine.

CHOOSING THE RING.

O jeweler, show me your daintiest ring!
Have you one that is fit for my darling to wear?
A princess is she, though no daughter of kings,
And her crown is the wealth of her gold-brown hair.

A diamond? her eyes would out-splendor its glow,
Too glaring and staring, by far, for my queen;
An opal? too fickle; an amethyst? no!
Her blue eyes are bluer than any I've seen.

A ruby? her lips have outwitted us there,
No ruby would match with the red of their wine;
A beryl? 'tis fair as the sea's breast is fair,
But she is still fairer, this darling of mine.

A topaz that caught from the sun as it ran
The gold and the glow of its glittering sheen?
It should only be worn by a masterful man,
And she is a womanly woman, my queen.

A pearl? It is pure as the soul in her eyes,
And fair as the foam of the crested wave's curl;
It is heaven's own price of the peace above price,
I'll wed my white lily of love with a pearl.

—Marjorie Moore.

THE HIGHER CLASS MAMMALIA.

"In fact, I think the Senate,
In those dreadful sessions when it
Sees an orator like Peffer take the floor,
Offers proof and demonstration
That the whole scheme of creation
Has ended in an everlasting bore.

"The higher class mammalia
Seem to me an utter failure,
From the time they left the protoplasmic cell;
In the Senate-house and cloister,
They've done nothing that the oyster
Couldn't do in decent silence just as well.

"For the humor of the oyster
Is juicier and moister,
And he's wiser than the Senate is today;
For he doesn't howl and cut up,
And he knows enough to shut up,
When he really hasn't anything to say."

—New York Tribune.

Miscellany.

NEWSMEN OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

They Blew Horns and Wore Signs on Their Sugar-Loaf Hats.

In the days when the present century was in its swaddling clothes no ragged and dirty-faced urchins dogged the steps of London pedestrians howling "'Ere yer hextry! All about the 'orrible and hawful news from Hamerica!" Persons of more mature years, though doubtless of less experience than the present disseminators of daily literature, were entrusted with the sale of papers. They did not depend solely upon their vocal organs in announcing to the public the happenings of all climes. Each man armed himself with a copper horn nearly two feet long and at intervals of thirty seconds blew stentorian blasts upon it. Then fearing he would meet individuals who were deaf he fastened a big placard on his hat bearing the name of the paper he was selling and the edition thereof, says the fruitful chronicler of the Chicago Tribune. So the "newsy" of our English grandad was prepared to do business with all except

A NEWSMAN OF OLD.

blind people, and they had no use for his wares. The costumes of these individuals were almost as peculiar as their methods of doing business. The hat on which the placard was fastened was of an abbreviated sugar-loaf pattern, the coat was long, generous in both dimensions, and always of a bottle-green, skin-tight knee breeches were just as certain to be a bright yellow as were the busking to be just about as white as it is possible for anything to be in London. The wearer was often as unique as his costume. He came from all walks of life. The vending of papers was often the only thing that stood between the broken-down small shopkeeper and the workhouse. Indeed, from counter to "newsboy" was a recognized step in the downward scale of lower class circles. With the advent of the present era of newspaper enterprise these old and interesting characters disappeared. Their places have been taken by gamins every bit as sharp and every whit as bright as their American cousins.

A Woman Gardener's Work.

Miss Wilkinson, a landscape gardener of the Metropolitan Public Gardens association, London, is now engaged in laying out St. Mary's Park, Woolwich and Victoria Park Cemetery. Myatt's Fields, Camberwell, and Vauxhall Park are other open spaces recently laid out by Miss Wilkinson.—Boston Globe.

A Shattered Idol.

Parke—I think this man Sandow must be greatly overrated.

Clarke—Why? I believe he can lift a horse or something of that sort.

Parke—Well, I read that at a recent performance he was assisted by a banjo club and a glee club and a ladies' quartet.—Puck.

Make Their Own Dresses.

The women of Mead, Neb., have organized a dress-cutting school, and all are learning to make their own garments.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOW TO PACK COTTON.

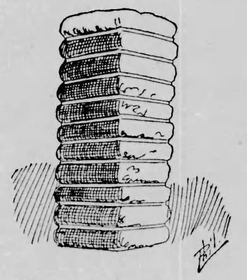
Illustrated Reasons for the Demand for Foreign Products.

Recent reports from J. C. Monaghan, United States consul at Chemnitz, give the reason for the demand for certain foreign productions over American, as, for instance, cotton. He says:

"The packing of American raw cotton causes a great deal of anxiety and complaint here. The jute-cloth cover-

AMERICAN BALE (500 POUNDS).

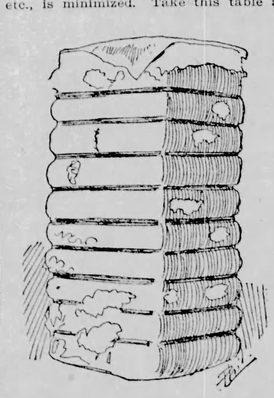
ing is so torn before the bales reach Chemnitz that the cotton is exposed to mud, water, fire and theft. Of the original six or eight iron bands, two, three, four, and sometimes more are loose or broken; the cotton bulges out, takes up dirt and dust when in a dry place, mud in the docks, sea water when in the ships, and rain water when on land, on wharves, or in transmission by boat, rail or wagon. In transport every gust of wind tears away pieces of the valuable commodity. The wharves, customs-house floors, and freight cars are usually covered with pieces torn or dropped



INDIAN BALE (400 POUNDS).

from such bales, and the danger from fire is great, for cotton ignites easily, and sparks from cigars or locomotives, fanned by the winds, even those caused by the movement of a train or wagon, could cause not only the burning of the cotton, but of other valuable property.

"Contrasted with the packing of Egyptian and Indian cotton the American must be regarded as very bad. Both Egyptian and Indian bales are close, compact, tough coverings, are rather long and smooth, and leave little or none of the cotton exposed. The Indian and Egyptian bales are so tightly pressed, so well covered and bound, that injury from fire, water, dirt, dust, etc., is minimized. Take this table as



EGYPTIAN BALE (700 POUNDS).

to space occupied by the different bales:

	Egyptian.	Indian.	American.
Weight (pounds)...	700	400	475
Space (cu. ft.).....	15	10	29

"The Lloyds who can pack into their vessels' holds 16,000 to 18,000 bales of Indian cotton, can take only 6,000 to 10,000 American, when, according to the ratio of weight (4 to 7½), they should take in 14,000 bales. Consider this in the figuring of expenses, where $3, $4, $5, etc., are paid per cubic yard for ocean freights."

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

The man who is in proverbs versed
Can often save his jaw
By cutting off all dry debate
With an old and rusty saw.

—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher—Do you wish your son to study political economy?

New York Citizen (vaguely)—Political economy? What is that?—Harper's Bazar.

Muggins—Do you believe it is unlucky to have thirteen at table?

Buggins (who has had callers at dinner time)—Yes! If you've only made preparations for two.—Philadelphia Record.

Her tins are all scoured, her silver shined,
A tidy lass and proper;
The cook, at nightfall, you will find
Devoted to her copper.

—New York Herald.

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—The coat is about three sizes too big.

Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—Mine frient, dot coat make you so proud you will grow into it.—Harlem Life.

"'Tis said: "Whatever is, is right,"
But that is not quite true,
For often, when a man gets tight,
His hat becomes tight, too.

—New York Journal.

"Well, how did you find the fishing to-day?"

"Well, sir, I can't tell for the life of me a thing about it. You see, I got the bait, and that's the last I remember."—Inter-Ocean.

Husband—I am just in the mood for reading something sensational and startling—something that will make my hair stand on end.

Wife—Here is my last milliner's bill.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Preferred Them Cooked.

Customer—"Didn't you tell me when you sold that dog that he was a bird dog?"

Dealer—"Yes, that is what I said.'

"Well, you swindled me; that dog won't hunt."

"Well, I didn't say he would hunt. He's a bird dog. Cook the birds for him. That's the way he likes them best."—Spare Moments.

A Shrewd Miss.

"I don't understand what makes Miss Daysibell so popular with the young men," remarked one girl. "I'm sure she is not very pretty. They say it's her conversation."

"Yes. That's it. You know she reads the base ball news every day.—Washington Star.

A Nugget Weighing Fifty Pounds.

A gold nugget weighing fifty pounds has been found in the Tete Saunders mine, in the Uwahrie Valley, Montgomery county, N. C., which was discovered at a depth of about sixteen feet from the surface. The nugget is fourteen inches in length, six inches in width and three inches in thickness, and is the second largest nugget ever found.

THE OTHER GIRL.

Oh No, Not Enemies, but the Dearest of Friends.

He—Shall we stay here awhile?

She—Anywhere, so it's far from the madding crowd.

He—You have such a nice way with you. You tempt a fellow to abuse your patience.

She—Yes, it doesn't hurt me to suffer—when it is you.

He—I want to tell you something.

She (slyly)—You are hardly close enough for a near relation.

He (drawing closer)—I'm in love—with a girl.

She (looking down)—Naturally.

He—I don't know her very well yet, you see.

She (interrupting)—How long?

He—About an hour—but I'm quite done for.

She (sharply)—Who is it?

He (bending forward)—There she is! with that ass of a Van Pelt.

She (with emphasis)—Ah, Irene.

He (eagerly)—See how beautifully she dances. As light as a bit of thistle.

She (with enthusiasm)—Yes, I am so glad poor Irene has learned at last. She has been at it for ten years, and she used to sulk the whole day because she was so slow.

He—That seems odd with such pretty little feet. And her hands, they're like bits of warm snow.

She—What a melting metaphor! Irene has her manicuring done at Louise's every day, but it costs so much one can't afford it unless one has stacks.

He—Of money?

She—No, of credit. Irene has such a cajoling way. She can run up a bill almost anywhere.

He—But her skin is naturally fine; see her cheeks now, they're the color of her roses.

She—I tell her she was born for a ballroom. She always gets that pretty pink at night, no matter how yellow she is in daylight.

He—Her gown's so pretty, too. So simple and sweet.

She—Yes, simplicity in three figures. It is only in the old-fashioned novels that muslins come for nothing and are thrown in with the curates at so much a year.

He—She is clever, anyway. I've only talked with her a few minutes, but she said at least three awfully witty things.

She—She must be reckless to-night. You know her brother is part of the staff of Life, and she gets good things from him even before they're out. But she ought not to use 'em up in that way—three on one poor man.

He (with dignity)—I see that you do not like her.

She (with more dignity)—Why, she's my dearest friend!—Vogue.

EARRINGS IN ALL AGES.

Formerly They Were Worn by Men as Well as by Women.

Earrings have been worn from time immemorial. Ancient writers make frequent mention of these decorations, and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes.

Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his descriptions of statues representing several of the mythological deities, and the great Juvenal is authority for the statement that they were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.

Ladies and walking-maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them. Many Roman matrons possessed earrings of the most costly and gorgeous description, the settings being worth thousands of dollars.

One of the most fashionable patterns affected by those of rank and wealth were modelled in the form of an asp, with a golden body shaded with gems of the first water. Earrings that bore the miniatures of the dear friends or relatives of the wearer were quite fashionable at a very early day, and in many cases they were attached in the form of pendants.

In ancient Egypt and India those made in imitation of the lotus and Bengal rose were sought after in preference to all other designs.

Among civilized nations the wearing of earrings by men has been by no means uncommon, as it has been shown that in early English days some of the most distinguished courtiers bedecked their ears with very costly specimens. The immortal Shakespeare is said to have worn them, and Charles I. is reputed to have been the owner of a magnificent path of pearl earrings which he bequeathed to his daughter the day before he was executed.

In the South Sea Islands the females and males alike adopt this style of personal adornment, and even in the wilds of Africa they are worn by the untutored savages of both sexes.

At the present day the only civilized persons of the male sex who ornament their ears in this manner are the gypsies, the Italians, the French, a few sailors of other foreign nations, and occasionally a German, but, as a matter of course, precious few females the world over will be found without them.

After the Honeymoon.

"You do admire my hair, George, don't you?"

"Oh, rather! I say, what a grand fire escape it would make!"—Ex.

An Effective Remedy.

"It was a severe punishment," said the father, self-reproachfully, "but it answers the purpose. It keeps Johnny from running on the street."

"You didn't cripple the boy, did you?"

"No, I had his mother cut his hair for him. You ought to see the poor boy," and the proud father wept bitterly.—Texas Siftings.

Plenty of Excitement.

Lieutenant—Mein fraulein, it must be dreadfully dull for you out here in the country—never anything to relieve the monotony.

Squire's Daughter (triumphantly)—Oh! don't say so; why, only last year we had an eclipse of the moon!—Berliner Tageblatt.

Undisturbed.

"The place was robbed last night."

"Indeed! What was taken?"

"Nearly everything. In fact, the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."—Tidbits.

An Alleged Feminine Failing.

Every woman has an idea that it ought to be a pleasure for a man to work for money for her to spend.—Atchison Globe.

THEY BOUGHT HIM A DRINK.

Held Up and Then Treated by Two Men Who Live by Violence.

He was a newspaper man in Chicago, says the Herald, then in the enjoyment of a good salary and a beautiful thirst, now at the head of a prosperous paper in the northwest.

But he did like an evening with his friends, and he did like a warm drink, and he didn't care if the last potation took the last dime, for the world was full of cheer and there was always a to-morrow. Good sleep, a good shave, a warm breakfast, and life was as fair after a wild night as after a tame one.

So he left the meeting one night practically penniless and started to walk home. It was past midnight, but in those days the midnight closing ordinance was looked upon simply as a jest. He went mechanically into three or four saloons, fumbled for the price, then looked apologetically across the bar at an attentive keeper, turned and walked out.

On Clark street bridge he was stopped by a footpad who told him to give up his money.

"Now, you're fooling your time away," says the journalist. "I'm broke."

"Don't give me no stiff," says the robber. Shell out, there, and shell out blank quick."

Another robber appeared like Pantaloon at the pantomime, just as the

THE WAY IT LOOKS WHEN A MAN IS BEING "HELD UP."

journalist turned to run. So he stopped, leaned against the rail of the bridge, not a whit frightened, and tried to argue with his captors.

"I tell you I'm broke," he protested. "I haven't got a dime."

"Show up. Go down in your pockets. Hurry up."

Down went one hand after another, and up came successively, one penny after another, till three lay in the extended palm. He went on fishing for a moment longer. A belated, but sober, citizen approached, came alongside, passed and went away into the night. He glanced at the three figures there on the bridge, but never suspected two were robbers and one was robbed.

The journalist, a smile of triumph on his face, held the three cents toward the nearest robber, and remarked:

"There, I told you so."

"Is that all you got?"

"Yes."

"Why, you pauper, that isn't enough to buy a drink."

"Of course not. If it was, do you suppose I would have it?"

"Why—do you want a drink?"

"You bet I do."

"Well, come on, and we'll buy you a drink."

"Go you."

So they tramped down the incline and entered the first saloon—the last one which the journalist had mechanically entered and despondently left. They lined up three abreast at the bar, they poured out a big horn apiece, they drank, they chatted, they got acquainted, they each found many virtues in the others. The journalist told them a story. He sang them a bit of song. He cracked a particularly felicitous joke at the expense of the barkeeper. He struck the chief robber for half a dollar, bought one round, gave them a good-bye at the door, and tripped in safety across the bridge.

How Pride Assuaged Grief.

Many of the old country emigrants do not wish to give up their caste servility when they reach this democratic country, says the New York Times. The young wife of a man who has extensive coal interests in Pennsylvania told some friends the other day of a recent experience in this regard. Soon after she reached her new home, among her husband's mines, the child of a French "digger" died. Her husband, as was his custom, sent for the bereaved parent to offer any assistance under the sad circumstances. "There is nothing I want," said the man, "only," and he fumbled his hat, "that milady should come to the funeral. If this will happen, the grief which I have to lose my child will be lightened in the honor which I shall have to write to my parents in France that milady was there." Such touching deference, of course, was recognized, and "milady" went down to the little cottage on the day of the funeral. When she went in the father sat with bowed head at the head of the coffin. His eyes, however, were furtively watching the door, and the instant she appeared he stood up. A look of pride that he could not conceal, spread over his face. With great respect he conducted her to his own place and she sat there, the man standing motionless at her side through the service.

Naps Not Needed.

For the healthy the nap in the afternoon is not necessary, and the brain will not demand it. If a man finds himself napping at that time either he has eaten too much at his midday meal or his cerebral circulation is feeble.

It is the universal habit of the pig that is being fattened to sleep in his sty after his midday meal. The working horse, on the other hand, which gets nothing at midday but a feed of corn—a small, but highly nutritious meal—does not sleep at all after it, but is fresh and ready for work in half an hour

Presents to the Pope.

Pope Leo XIII has received lately a curious and valuable gift from the government of the United States of Colombia. It consists of three objets in gold, the intrinsic and material value of which is little when compared with their scientific value. These objects are three plaques of massive and fine gold, which must have served as a breast covering for some Indian cacique. They have almost the form and dimensions of the ornaments carried upon the breasts of the Hebrew pontiffs and the Assyrian high priests. They were discovered in a "guaca" or Indian cemetery in the village of Macheta, about 50 miles from Bogota.

Allowing the Fact to be Inferred.

Cora—You want me to describe my friend, Miss Pleiners? She's a charmingly vivacious and witty girl; an excellent conversationalist, accomplished, bright, and intellectual.

Tom (disappointed)—Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you tell me she was ugly in the first place?

Dreadful Symptoms.

Doctor—How is the baby?

Mrs. Jinks—Awful bad, sir. Last night the poor little thing was took dreffle. First she would clinch her hands, and then she would say "Ah-h-h!" just like a human being.—Boston Gazette.

Horrible Skepticism.

All the popular songs represent a man imploring a girl to love him, though it is doubtful if much imploring has to be done.—Atchison Globe.

English Spoken, Too.

"Do you think you will enjoy the opera when it will be all in French?" asked Mrs. Smallpay—You silly boy! Don't all the people in the boxes talk English?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

For three years of the civil war I had been closely connected with the Sanitary commission of Massachusetts and of the United States. The commission had it for its duty to keep the people at home in touch with the army. It tried to keep alive the enthusiasm of the people for the soldiers and it tried to make the soldiers understand that they were not forgotten by the nation. In the correspondence and other work connected with the Sanitary, I had occasion to visit Fort Monroe in the spring of 1864, and was

"BUT HERE IS MR. HALE."

most cordially received there by Gen. Butler. I was his guest at his house, and, with regard to some interesting things in the movement of the war, I learned a great deal which was very curious from him. When we parted, I said to him, "It will not be long before you will see me again. I shall be drafted some day, and as I present arms to you as a sentinel you will remember your old guest." He asked if I could not stay then, and said he would put me to work. But I had home duties in hand.

I was not surprised, therefore, when, after Gen. Butler, by a well-planned surprise, had taken up his position at Bermuda Hundred, where the Appomattox and James rivers join each other, to receive a telegram from his chief of staff, saying simply: "Come on at once. We are more successful than our best hopes." At that time, the beginning of May, 1864, the chances were good for the combined armies going, separately or together into Richmond. Alas, it was a year before this happened! But I made at once arrangements to join the headquarters staff, with which I was now intimate, and I went on, with a fortnight's leave of absence from my work at home.

As I passed through Washington, where we were all at home in the war, I went to the War department, where the adjutant-general was an old classmate of mine. I was no stranger there then, and so it happened that he gave me a dispatch for Gen. Butler. This elevated me at once in the esteem of all chiefs of transportation, giving me I do not know how much power, but great prestige whenever I needed it. I went down to Fort Monroe at once, where I found only one or two of the gentlemen of the staff, chafing because they were not at the front; and on the government steamer of the next day I went up to Bermuda Hundred.

We were rather more than half way up when we were arrested for a little by the sound of firing on the shore. It proved that this was one of the days when Fitzhugh Lee had attempted to cut off Gen. Butler's river communications. He had attacked the field works which we had on the south side of the river. As he happened these works were held by negroes recruited in Virginia, and this was one of the earlier trials of those troops. After a little delay on this account, we pressed on, and, just about at nightfall, arrived at the crowded waterfront of Bermuda Hundred.

The whole army of 25,000 men had arrived there suddenly a fortnight before, as if it had fallen from the skies. In that time wharves and landing-places had been improvised with marvellous rapidity, and, although there was endless confusion, still things seemed to go forward with the kind of energy which marks the work of a well-disciplined army. For me, I was as ignorant as a freshman is on entering college what I was to do. I knew that Gen. Butler and his staff were six or seven miles away. I knew that night was falling, and I did not know how I was to go to him. Fortunately for me, as I thought, there was on the boat a member of the staff, with whom I had some acquaintance, and I relied upon him to help me through. When we landed, however, he was out of the way, and I could not find him. I suspected that he did not care to embarrass himself with a civilian, and was intentionally keeping out of sight.

I therefore did what I always do in life—struck as high as I could. I said to the sentinel that I was a bearer of dispatches, and asked him the way to the headquarters of the commander of that post. I wish I remembered this gentleman's name so well did he illustrate the courtesy and promptness of a man in command. He said at once that his own orderly should go with me to Gen. Butler; that he would lend me his own horse, and would send my valise on the ambulance the next morning. So the horse was saddled, and about the time when it became quite dark the soldier and I started on our way. He knew no more of the way than I did, and a very bad way it was. I made my first acquaintance with the sacred soil of Virginia then and there.

We lost ourselves sometimes, and then we found ourselves, the greater part of the road being the worst possible country road, all cut to pieces by the heavy army work, through woods of not of large trees, but which were close enough on both sides to darken the passage. It was 9 o'clock or later when we saw the welcome sight of the headquarters camp-fires. We rode up, and I jumped from my horse to shake hands with Gen. Butler, Col. Shaffer and the other gentlemen. They asked instantly how we had passed the batteries. I told the story, and Gen. Butler, who was always effusively polite, and to his other gracious ways added exquisite facility in flattery, said to me: "We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Hale. I have been very anxious for two or three hours. I was afraid my dispatches were cut off." I had already handed to him the utterly unimportant letter from the War department, which had been my talisman thus far. Then and there I first heard soldiers talk of what had been done and what had not been done in that day. I knew beforehand, that, in the push toward Richmond, we had been flung back at Fort Darling. I did not know till I came there exactly how the command was impressed by this delay. But in the headquarters circle I found nothing but confidence, and I very soon saw that I was to understand that we should have taken Richmond but for the heavy fog of the day of battle and some other infelicities. I think now that this is probably true. The fires were kept burning and we sat and chatted there hour after hour. When we had been there perhaps two hours, up came my friend of the general's staff, and, with sufficient profanity, exorcised the roads over which he had ridden. He had never been there before. Gen. Butler heard him through, and then said: "But here is Mr. Hale, who has been here two hours." The soldier turned on me, a little crestfallen, all the other members of the staff sufficiently amused, and he asked me, with another oath how I found the way. I said: "We followed the telegraph wire," and from that day I was rather a favorite with the staff for this civilian snub on a gentleman who was not a favorite.

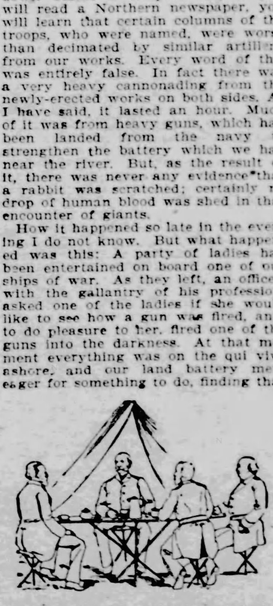
Meanwhile somebody had been ordered to pitch a tent for me, and, I suppose, about 11 o'clock, I went to bed in my new quarters. I had slept an hour, however, as it proved, when I was awakened by the firing of cannon. I had never heard such firing; as it proved afterwards, they were the heaviest guns which I have ever heard in my life. Of course, I wanted to jump up, but I said to myself, "It will seem very green if I walk out on the first sound of firing. I suppose this is what I came to the front for. If they want me they will call me, and I shall hear firing enough before I have done." So I turned over and tried to go to sleep—did go to sleep—and was wakened again by louder and louder firing. All this lasted, I suppose, perhaps an hour. Then all was still, and I went to sleep for the night.

You are wakened in camp, if you are at a major general's, by the bugles of the cavalry escort, and the next morning I heard their reveille, also for the first time. I washed myself, was already dressed, of course, and, in a little, an orderly told me that breakfast was ready. I met at breakfast Capt. Laurie, a fine old officer of the navy, whom I had known a little in Boston. He said to me, "And how did you like our firing last night, Mr. Hale?" I said that to me, as a civilian, it seemed very loud, but I supposed that was what I had come to the war for, and I did not get up from my bed. Laurie answered, as if he would rebuke me for my ignorance, "I have been in the service thirty-nine years, and I never heard such firing before." I found then, for the first time, that the whole staff had been up and on horseback, had been at the front to try to find out what this firing was, and had returned almost as much perplexed as they came.

It was thus that it happened to me that I spent my first and last battle in bed. I was acting on the principle of doing the duty which came next my hand, and obeying all the orders which were given me. I had not run away; I was pleased with that. And if I had not personally received the surrender of three or four battle-flags, that was my misfortune.

I had occasion afterwards to hear much of the testimony and to read all the rest of it which relates to the remarkable battle. If you will read the history of the time, as told in the Richmond newspapers and those of New York city, and will put them together, you will learn that on that night a reconnoisance was sent out from our lines into the tangled shrubbery which separated our newly-built works from those of the rebels. You will learn that the rebel guns mowed down these columns as corn is mowed down before a tempest. Or, if you will read a Northern newspaper, you will learn that certain columns of the troops, who were named, were worse than decimated by similar artillery from our works. Every word of this was entirely false. In fact there was a very heavy cannonading from the newly-erected works on both sides. As I have said, it lasted an hour. Much of it was from heavy guns, which had been landed from the navy to strengthen the battery which we had near the river. But, as the result of it, there was never any evidence that a rabbit was scratched; certainly no drop of human blood was shed in that encounter of giants.

How it happened so late in the evening I do not know. But what happened was this: A party of ladies had been entertained on board one of our ships of war. As they left, an officer, with the gallantry of his profession, asked one of the ladies if she would like to see how a gun was fired, and, to do pleasure to her, fired one of the guns into the darkness. At that moment everything was on the qui vive ashore, and our land battery men, eager for something to do, finding that



"HOW DID YOU LIKE OUR FIRING LAST NIGHT?"

one shot was fired, thought another had better be fired, and continued the firing. This started the successive artillerists for nearly a mile, as our works ran up into the country toward the Appomattox river, and not to be belated or accused of sleepiness, they began firing in turn. Of course, this roused the equally ready artillerists on the rebel side, and they fired, I suppose, at the flashes which they saw a mile or two away. And this was the famous cannonade which made the whole of my first battle.

The naval officers were dreadfully mortified, our gentlemen at headquarters were indignant beyond account, and the thing almost came to court-martials and courts of inquiry. But it was wisely thought better to leave the record of it to be made, at the end of thirty years by the only person who was at all concerned, who spent the hour of the battle in his bed under canvas.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Brevet Widows.

There are to-day in the North and South thousands of unmarried women between the ages of 40 and 53, whom Major Calhoun calls "Brevet widows." He claims their husbands were among the 500,000 young unmarried men who were killed in battle or died of disease during the war. He says "these women deserve a pension far more than many women who are getting one." Some of these brevet widows know of their loss, but, happily, the majority are in ignorance of it.—New York Advertiser.

SCENES ON A SLAVE-SHIP.

Seven Hundred Naked Wretches Packed in Her Hot Hold.

Advance clipping from The Century editors' sheet for May.

The last slaver captured by the United States government was the American brig Cora, which fell a prize to the U. S. S. Constellation. This was in 1860, and a young lad, only 21 years old at the time, Wilburn Hall, was put in charge, with a prize crew. As soon as Lieutenant Hall landed the Cora in New York, after a momentous and dangerous voyage in which an abortive mutiny played a part, he resigned from the service and cast his lot with the Confederacy. He has written for the May number of The Century a striking account of the chase and capture of the slaver, as exciting as a chapter from Clark Russell.

When I had divided my small crew into watches, and had put a man at the helm, I had a moment's time to look into the cabin which was to be my home, writes Lieutenant Hall. There were two cabins adjoining each other, with four state-rooms in the forward one, and two in the after. Here, in each of these rooms, I found one or two negro maidens, while several hovered in the corners, and crouched upon the sofa and on the floor. Like the rest of the slaves, they were as nude as when born. They looked terribly frightened, and evidently considered me a sort of "lord high executioner." When daylight appeared, they were taken to the quarters of the other negresses.

The next morning found us rolling in a dead calm, and as the day grew on, the intense heat and glare made the slave-ship a den of indescribable horror. The slaves, of course, were brought on deck, or they would have suffocated and died—a course which was followed every day from early light till sunset, as long as I had them with me. They filled the waist and gangways in a fearful jam, for there were over seven hundred men, women, boys, and young girls. Not even a waist-cloth can be permitted among slaves on board ship, since clothing, even so light would breed disease. To ward off death, ever at work on a slave-ship, I ordered that at daybreak the negroes should be taken in squads of twenty or more, and given a salt-water bath by the hose-pipe of the pumps. This brought renewed life after their fearful nights on the slave-deck. After their first bath under my charge, Mr. Fairfax came aboard bringing carpenters, boatswain's mates, and sail-makers; for the ship's rigging, sails, and spars had been badly injured aloft by our fire. That broiling day, and the next, these gangs were at work repairing damages, while the Constellation remained rolling near at hand.

In the meantime, I had been busily engaged in having an open lattice bulkhead put up on the slave-deck, close enough to prevent passing, and yet sufficiently open to give what ventilation could be obtained. The object was to make a complete separation of the sexes, which were about equal in numbers. Windsails were provided for ventilation, but with all this, no one who has never seen a slave-deck can form an idea of its horrors. Imagine a deck about 20 feet wide, and perhaps 120 feet long and 5 feet high. Imagine this to be the place of abode and sleep, during long, hot, breathless nights, of 720 human beings! At sundown, when they were carried below, trained slaves, received the poor wretches one by one, and, laying each creature on his side in the wings, packed the next against him, and the next, and the next, and so on, till, like so many spoons packed away they fitted into each other, a living mass. Just as they were packed, so must they remain, for the pressure prevented any movement; or the turning of hand or foot, until the next morning when from their terrible night of horror they were brought on deck once more, weak, and worn, and sick. Then, after all had come up and received the bath mentioned, there was the invariable horror of bringing up the bodies of those who had died during the night. One by one, they were cast overboard—a splash the only ceremony. For 20 odd fearful nights and days this routine was endured before I finally landed these creatures. At the time I write of, I was a slave-owner, but I had only known happy, well-fed, and carefully attended people, who were as a part of a large family. Since the service on the Cora, I have known how much it cost to Christianize the negroes, and I often see in reverie the rigid forms as they fell day by day into the tropic waters.

BASE BALL EXPRESSION.

Struck by a foul.

A Pretty Dessert.

A pretty method of serving berries at luncheon or for a light dessert is in a mould of champagne jelly. Prepare the jelly with half a pint of champagne, half a box of gelatine, half a cup of cold water, the juice of a lemon, a cup of sugar and one and one-half cups of boiling water. Soak the gelatine for two hours in the cold water, add the sugar and boiling water, and then the wine and lemon juice. Strain the jelly through a flannel cloth. Have one charlotte russe mould holding two quarts and one holding one quart. Put a half-inch layer of the jelly in the bottom of the larger mould, and set it evenly on the ice. When the jelly is firm, set the small mould on it filled with cracked ice. Pour in cold melted jelly between the two moulds, and when this is firm take the ice out of the small mould and put in a little lukewarm water, just hot enough to allow it to be lifted out. It is a thing that must be done with care, for if the water is too hot the jelly will melt, but if it is just right the mould can be easily lifted out without disturbing the jelly. A quart cavity will be left in the jelly, which is to be filled with fresh strawberries or raspberries. The fruit for this purpose must be kept very cold, and must be well sweetened just before it is put in to make it palatable. It also looks pretty if a little whipped cream is mixed with it. The mould should then be wreathed with whipped cream and decorated with fresh strawberries or raspberries when it is turned out.

Japanese Manufactures.

It is a matter of singular interest that Japan is now manufacturing modern war material for the use of Western nations. Six guns manufactured at the Japanese government arsenal at Osaka have just been supplied to the Portuguese government. A month or so since a British firm took the first steps in the establishment of a watchmaking concern in Japan for the manufacture by Japanese workmen of watches for Western markets.

A Conversion.

A country circus advertised that "at 12 o'clock the cannibals will be fed." A large crowd assembled, but to everybody's disappointment the savages ate potatoes. In reply to some indignant question the manager said: "But, gentlemen, don't you see that their diet is evidence of my skill? I have converted them into vegetarians."—Fliegende Blatter.

TOO COSTLY FOR MOST PEOPLE.

Japanese Wadded Wrapper May be Easily and Successfully Imitated.

The celverness of the pagan in devising means for personal comfort is happily illustrated in the Japanese wadded wrapper. The elaborately embroidered creations which are occasionally imported are far beyond the average woman's purse, says the Housewife, but what the ordinary Japanese can do in a simple silk gown the average American girl certainly ought to be able to copy with success. The only materials really necessary for the construction of this article of extreme luxury are two shades of pongee or India silk and wool wadding, enough to serve as an interlining. Any straight-fronted wrapper pattern will do capitally for a beginning, and when the outside and the lining and been loosely fitted to the figure it is mere fancy work to rip the fitted gown apart and cut the interlining to fit. When the whole thing is thus far done the next necessary thing to do is to sew up all the seams, turning all seams in toward the lining and basting liberally through and through to keep the wadding from sagging. Then the gown must be quilted, running the lines of stitching with great evenness up and down. This done, and carefully done, the gown will stand any amount of naphtha cleaning without becoming lumpy. Heavy silk frogs and big crocheted buttons are a great addition to the front of the gown, they being chosen to match the inevitable cord and tassels. Embroidery of the same color as the lining is not necessarily applied to the collar, cuffs and pockets, but it is a great improvement, and may be sketched in, as it were, very rapidly.

A JAPANESE COSY GOWN.

WOMEN WHO FLIRT.

A Habit Some Are Born With and That Others Acquire.

The born flirt is not dangerous. She may appear so, but in reality her little coquettish, fascinating ways are not the cultivated wiles of a siren, but are as natural to her as breathing. In all probability when her eyes first opened upon this world she smiled at the doctor, and through her babyhood and childhood up to the time she was considered a woman that guileless smile wrought havoc with every man who came within the circle of its sunny influence.

She doesn't think she is flirting. She is merely enjoying herself. Men have always paid her a certain amount of homage, and that she intends to have up to the day of her death. The born flirt need not be beautiful, she needn't even be even pretty; but if she possesses that personal magnetism that counts for more than symmetry of contour men will adore and she will let them to the end of time.

All women dubbed flirts are certain to come in for a considerable amount of unkind criticism from those who do not understand them. The unconscious flirt will, however, after awhile disarm her worst enemy, for if time is taken to study the little lady the strange phenomenon will be discovered that she flirts just as much with women as with members of the opposite sex. Her pretty ways are irresistible to men and women alike, and so she goes on smiling and magnetizing all who come within her power, and those who came to censure remain to praise.

But oh! what a different character is the deliberate flirt, the woman who coquets with intent to kill, who lets flirtation run into romance, and then with one strong blow destroys a man's hopes just for the sake of seeing the card house she has built up scatter into its component parts before her very eyes. She is the type of woman who separates husbands and wives, who sows discord in Hitherto happy families, who enjoys making sweethearts unhappy and younger women envious. She is a schemer who plans her campaign deliberately, not a little skirmisher who uses her weapons on all alike.

The flirt by design is a dangerous person. She loves to wound. She delights in the cries of those who have been pierced by the darts from her havoc-dealing eyes. Her victims are fewer than those that come to the net of the born flirt, but their suffering is real, their pain bitter. The natural flirt will go on flirting with her own husband after they have been married 20 years, but the other one, if chance or design brings her a man whose name she is asked to bear

CRUCIFIED, BUT LIVED

AN AMERICAN MINER'S AWFUL WOUNDS.

Savages of India Nailed Him to the Cross by His Hands and Feet—History of Dr. Bredemeyer.

The body of a man who had been crucified, and who had survived the ordeal and lived for years afterwards, left Tacoma, Wash., the other day for interment at Salt Lake City. The remains were those of Dr. Wm. Bredemeyer,

DR. WILLIAM BREDEMEYER.

who years ago was crucified by an uncivilized tribe in Burmah, India. The burial at Salt Lake City was by the side of his first wife, Annie May Savery-Mearyone-Evans. His second wife, born Miss Penelope McVickar, accompanied the body, which was escorted to the train by members of sixteen fraternities, including 120 women, who were members of Rebekah lodges, and the Pocahontas, of the Order of Red Men and the Pythian Sisters.

Dr. Bredemeyer was a great fraternity man. He was a member of nearly every secret order in existence, and had he lived a week longer he would have perfected the organization in Tacoma of the Heptosophs. But paralysis carried him off, and with his right hand peacefully over his breast as he lay in his coffin, the jagged scar left by those who crucified him could plainly be seen, says a New York World correspondent. Hundreds saw the scar, and thought it a dreadful sight.

The right hand scar was not as long as the left hand one by an inch. Both were between the bones of the thumb and forefinger, in the thickest part of the palm. The left hand scar was two and a half inches long, and on both sides of the hands the scars stood out like miniature mountain ranges, compared with the size of the hands. The serrated top ridges of the ugly marks were white and pronounced, like snow-capped peaks.

When Bredemeyer was crucified there was no antiseptic surgery to kill the putrefying microbes in the air while wounds were being treated, and thus avoid irritation and unsightly scars.

BACK OF LEFT HAND.

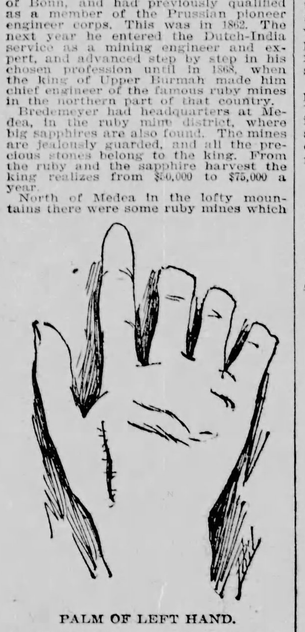
For twenty-four hours after he was crucified he received no treatment of any kind. His wounds were dressed he was unconscious, and for several days it was thought he would die.

Bredemeyer was a quiet, uncommunicative Prussian. Members of his family and his close friends knew of his crucifixion, but Tacoma people were in absolute ignorance of the facts until Bredemeyer's record of his own life was found among his papers after his death.

He was a graduate of the university of Bonn, and had previously qualified as a member of the Prussian pioneer engineer corps. This was in 1862. The next year he entered the Dutch-India service as a mining engineer and expert, and advanced step by step in his chosen profession until in 1868, when the king of Upper Burmah made him chief engineer of the famous ruby mines in the northern part of that country.

Bredemeyer had headquarters at Medea, in the ruby mine district, where big sapphires are also found. The mines are jealously guarded, as the precious stones belong to the king. From the ruby and the sapphire harvest the king realizes from $60,000 to $75,000 a year.

North of Medea in the lofty mountains there were some ruby mines which



PALM OF LEFT HAND.

the king had not had prospected by such an eminent expert as Bredemeyer. In fact, no white man had ever ventured into the mountains of the north, where dwell the half-civilized Singphos, who, while recognizing the authority of the king, were unruly and barbaric.

Bredemeyer's advent was the signal for great excitement among the Singphos. They had never seen a white man, and notwithstanding Bredemeyer proclaimed his mission under authority of the king, the Singphos were not satisfied. Their credulity got the better of their loyalty; they thought more of their rubies and sapphires than they did of the king's mandates. They decided to crucify the white man if he did not flee from the country.

A handful of soldiers were with Bredemeyer. In all the country, which then had 3,500,000 inhabitants, the king had but 19,000 soldiers. The Singphos were not afraid of them. Bredemeyer refused to leave the country until he had carried out the orders of the king. The Singphos declared war. The soldiers went into ambush, only to treacherously surrender the mining expert when the natives swooped down upon them.

While the soldiers were scurrying about for reinforcements, the natives nailed Bredemeyer to a cross made of two pieces of the native oil-wood. Crude pieces of iron with sharp edges and slightly sharp at the end were brought, and, using stones for sledges, the natives drove the irons through Bredemeyer's hands and feet.

The barbarians were beside themselves with fiendish fury. In their haste they horribly mutilated the engineer's toes and fingers. Before the brutal work of nailing Bredemeyer to the cross was finished, he became partially unconscious. The shock was almost fatal. The last thing he remembered was the swarming Singphos, with their flat faces, broad skulls, straight black hair and deep brown skins, grinning like demons, uttering wild shouts and dancing and gesticulating at the foot of the cross. Some of them were entirely naked, having stripped off their apparel in the hysterical excitement of the capture and crucifixion of the hated victim.

As a rule the natives wear linen wrapped about their hips. These cloths are called ingies, and as Bredemeyer lapsed into unconsciousness he remembered that the ingies of the masters of the barbaric ceremony were besmeared with his own blood.

When Bredemeyer had been nailed to the cross, the natives prepared to raise it and fasten it into the ground. At that instant the soldiers happily returned with reinforcements and routed the natives. Bredemeyer was carried back to Medea.

The crucifixion occurred on July 16, 1869, at about noon. At noon the next day his wounds were dressed. The rainy season had not set in and it was very warm, and under these unfavorable conditions it was feared gangrene would set in. The sufferer was cared for tenderly, under directions from the king, and being accustomed to undergo great hardships, he speedily recovered, but never again ventured into the land of the Singphos.

Fourteen months later, immediately after he married Miss Evans at Nagasaki, he was engaged by the Japanese government as a mining expert, but a couple of years later, on account of the ill-health of his wife, he removed to California. From there he worked up into Utah, prospecting in the mines, locating undeveloped properties which it is estimated will make a millionaire of his eight-year-old son, who was born to him by his second wife. From Utah Bredemeyer went to British Columbia, and thence back to Washington, three years ago, where he conducted an assayer's office.

When his body was removed to the morgue, attention was called to the

BACK OF RIGHT HAND.

frightful scars on his hands and feet. Three fingers of his left hand were gone and his right foot showed signs of mutilation, while the left foot looked as if it had been frozen until the toes had dropped off. His fingers and the toes of the right foot had been lopped off by his crucifiers. The toes of the left foot were frozen off on a prospecting trip in Utah.

The day of his funeral, his casket was literally covered with fraternity badges, the gold bullion in which was valued at $500. He organized the Foresters and the Elks in Tacoma, the first lodge, and was honored with the highest offices conferred by several of the secret orders in the Pacific Northwest.

WHERE WIDOWS DO NOT FLIRT.

In India They Are Treated as if They Were Outcasts.

The practice of treating widows as quasi-criminals, outcasts or slaves is among Hindus of high antiquity. It is probably a substitute for a still older custom, once universal among the conquering tribes of the Aslatic world, slaying the wives of chieftains on the burial places of their lords.

As manners grew milder and men less desperate, and new religious ideas were born, that practice was abolished and widows were permitted to live, but only as persons whose right to survive must be regarded as imperfect. Their position became that of household slaves or rather family outcasts entitled to no honor, bound to servile offices, dressed in the meanest clothes, fed with the cheapest food, and regarded by friends as persons who ought to consider themselves incurably degraded. Had not the very gods themselves , or the fates, pronounced them deserving of heavy suffering?

Of course natural laws are not wholly suspended even by superstition, and thousands of widows protected by personal affection, or their own abilities, or by their wealth—for widowhood does not cancel rights of property—lead decently happy and contented lives. The majority, however, suffer under the ban typified by the shaving of their heads, that is, they are regarded as dead souls as fallen from all title to respect, and are treated with an habitual indignity which, even when they are exempt from actual oppression, makes the position of unoffending women no better than that of slaves or convicts.

So severe is their lot that it excites pity even among those who believe that it is sanctioned by religion, and it would probably have been ameliorated long since, but that it is bound up with one of the principal Hindu arrangements—that of early marriage.

Healthy.

"Darling," whispered the South Sea Islander, as he bent low before his lady love, "I want this hand of thine."

"My!" she exclaimed with an amused smile, "what an appetite you have."—Truth.

CURES OTHERS

A prominent clergyman of Mississippi recommends "Golden Medical Discovery" to suffering humanity everywhere. The "Discovery" builds up the strength and solid flesh when reduced below a healthy standard.

DYSPEPSIA AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

REV. A. H. MEYS.

Rev. A. H. Meys, of *Friar's Point, Coahoma Co., Mississippi*, writes: "Having suffered for a number of years with dyspepsia, torpid liver and general debility, and having tried several physicians with little or no benefit, I resolved, as a last resort, to consult your specialists at the World's Dispensary. Being advised by them to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, I did so, and after using several bottles, I feel entirely restored to health. Now, I take great pleasure in recommending your medicines to suffering humanity everywhere."

WHY NOT YOU?

WHAT CONSTITUTES "STYLE."

Why Would a Woman Prefer Being Stylish to Pretty?

Just what constitutes the most desirable quality of "style" is very hard to determine. Whether it is inborn only, or whether it may be acquired, is a very important question, as it is a possession that many women deem of greater importance than beauty itself.

Ask any average woman whether she would rather be pretty or "stylish," and she will choose the latter qualification almost invariably. It is the intangible something that gives grace and distinction, whereby the wearer of a cotton frock may look better dressed than the woman clothed in silk and velvet, and, if in rich attire, will outshine all rivals.

English women do not often have "style." "I would like to show you the gowns I am sending to England for the season," said M. Worth to an American costumer, as he threw open the door of his own special atelier, where a dozen or more of the most superb dresses were carefully displayed on wire "forms" for the last critical survey of the artist, and for a "private view" to a few privileged clients. "You would never know them again," he continued ruefully. "My dear countrywomen lack style awfully, and I have not a half dozen customers in London that I can trust to do my gowns justice."

To come back to the question as to whether or not style can be acquired, it may be said that in a certain measure it may be. Carriage, for instance, has an immense effect on style, and that certainly can be cultivated. A dowdy woman rarely has a good poise of the head and neck, and never walks gracefully, and although grace and style are not at all synonymous, it is impossible to have the one without a certain amount of the other, says a writer in the New York Tribune. As grace or carriage is successfully taught by those who understand the principle, no doubt style also might be analyzed, and growing girls instructed in the why and the wherefore of this most coveted characteristic.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young man, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, premature decay, lost vigor, lack of vitality, atrophy, vericocele, etc., will write me, I will send him a plain envelope sealed, free, full particulars for a certain, speedy and permanent home cure. Address, G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1603, Marshall, Mich.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

"Bayou Folk," by Kate Chapin, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The author has made a careful and sympathetic study of Creole life, and has given her readers a clear insight, so far as she has gone into the lives of this peculiar people. The plots of the stories, though slender, are well managed and dramatic, though without any exception. There are pathos and humor in the incidents, and both are genuine.

"The Railroad Question," by William Larrabee, is a historical and practical treatise on railroads, and remedies for their abuses. It is published by the Schulte Publishing Co., of Chicago, and has now reached the third edition.

An interesting book in many ways is "The Origin of Sin and Dotted Words in the Hebrew Bible," by Emily Oliver Gibbs, which is published by Charles T. Dillingham & Co., 759 Broadway, New York city. The author has given her own idea of the meaning of the Bible, claiming that this is a world belonging to Satan or Sin, and that man, who has risen from the lowest form of life until he is fit to have the breath of life or soul given to him, is to rise by the force of good works nearer to perfection.

"Memories of the War," is a book of nearly 450 pages, by Capt. E. A. Wilson, of the Tenth Illinois Infantry, published by the author at Cleveland, O., covering, by its descriptions, four years of actual service in the field, giving the engagements and thrilling incidents at nearly fifty different places.

"The White Ribbon Cook Book" is a collection of recipes, edited by Kathryn Armstrong and published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing company, Chicago. The volume is prepared and brough forth in the interest of temperance in all ways. No spirituous liquors find a place in any of these tested recipes, but the food is prepared in a way to be most palatable.

"The Principles of Chess in Theory and Practice," by James Mason, comes from Horace Cox, Windsor House, London. It is a concise but comprehensive teaching of the principles underlying the art of chess, as exemplified by the leading players at the present time.

The first two numbers of "Yankee Doodle at the Fair" have been received from the publisher, George Barrie, Philadelphia. This is one of the most artistic productions designed to reproduce the Columbian Exposition that has yet appeared. As a souvenir it is superb in every respect. The descriptions were committed to various writers who have given of their best. Many of the illustrations are in color, and are very beautiful, as well as accurate.

"The Countess Radna," is a novel by W. E. Norris, author of "Adrien Vidal," "Mr. Chaine's Sons," etc. Mr. Norris made his mark a decade or two ago as a successful novelist, and a full list of his works makes quite a respectable showing. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., Ney York City.

"Peck's Export Purchase Index" will prove of great practical value to manufacturers and merchants if it is kept up to the standard which the first number has set. The plan of the publication is to give all the latest accurate information regarding exportable products, the demands of the different foreign countries where we might have markets and the best methods of meeting those demands. As an illustration of the kind of discussions given in the publication, in addition to much statistical and mercantile information, may be mentioned an article in the first number on packing, boxing and shipping goods for export—a subject upon which our manufacturers and merchants are notoriously careless or ignorant, for which reason, even in markets where we have any chance at all, the English exporters often easily beat us in bidding for purchasers.

"When Hearts Are Trumps," by Tom Hale, is published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago. The volume is made up of verses which have been selected from work that has appeared in various periodicals during the last few years. They are bright and spirited, with a pleasant ring that makes their reading an enjoyment.

"German for Americans" is a practical guide for self-instruction and for colleges and schools, by Dr. Jacob Mingwe, which is published by I. Kohler, 911 Arch street, Philadelphia, and has now reached its fourth edition. It treats of pronunciation, grammar, phraseology, alphabetically arranged, and gives a classified table of irregular verbs, and other excellent things which makes the work of value.

Among the publications in pamphlet form are the following: "The Queen of Love," by S. Baring-Gould, the author of "Court Royal," "Richard Cable," etc., published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, in the library of select novels.

In the "Idler Series," published by J. Selwin Tadd & Sons, Fifth avenue, New York City, appears "The Doomswoman" by Gertrude Atherton, and is a very strongly written story.

From E. A. Weeks & Company, Chicago, comes "Her Shadowed Life," by Beatrice Harraden, author of "The Tragedies of Oak Hurst."

Ethel Knew Her Good Points.

Elder Sister—Ethel, don't lift your skirts so high. Don't you see all the men turn their heads?

Ethel (savagely)—Well, you'll never turn any heads with yours.—Ex.

AN EGYPTIAN BRIDE.

Fair and Fifteen—The Groom Had Never Seen Her Before.

In every country weddings are the most popular functions. Even in Egypt, where women are regarded with no respect or consideration, a wedding is the scene of great rejoicing and scarcely a day passes that one does not see in the busy Cairo streets several of these fantastic and interesting wedding processions. The little brides are led blind-folded, preceded by musicians playing on the most unmelodious and barbaric instruments, and singing or wailing at the tops of their voices. This is, of course, the custom observed only by the lowest ranks; those in the higher walk of society do not celebrate their wedding in this public way.

An invitation to an Egyptian wedding should never be declined if one wishes to see something novel and interesting, and the high-class Egyptians are much flattered and honored if Europeans attend these entertainments. One of their reasons for welcoming European women is that this is one of the few opportunities which the male Egyptians have to dance and talk with ladies—a rare treat for them. The men are well educated and intelligent. They usually speak English, and they all speak French. Then, too, the European woman has an opportunity to visit the harem and penetrate the interior of that mysterious spot. Here one sees the native women without their veils, and in all the splendor of their jewels, of which they are exceedingly fond, and this is one of the very few chances which they have of displaying their possessions to each other.

Te little bride of fifteen, at whose wedding I was present, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, had among her wedding gifts three diamond tiaras and fifty-six shawls! Her bedroom, which she furnished herself, was very beautiful, and among other luxurious appointments were cut-glass bowls and pitchers on the wash-stand, fine linen towels heavily embroidered with gold, a silver toilet set on the dressing table, and on the little table by the bed a gold tray, with gold pitcher and cups to match, and many other modern European articles about the room, showing that the Egyptian woman is progressing in some directions at least, notwithstanding her limited environment. There is no church ceremony for the bride; the groom goes to the mosque and prays, she meanwhile waiting for his return, seated on a throne in her apartment, and gazed at by many women.

Fortunately, under the guidance of a Turkish woman, I managed at one wedding I attended to stay and see the groom arrive; but my doing so was accomplished with great difficulty. The eunuchs tried vainly to clear the room. There was much scrambling and pushing and endless confusion, but by being safely tucked away behind a door I held my ground, and was rewarded by seeing the wedding ceremony. The little trembling bride arose, her veil was put over her face, and from an opposite door the procession entered—eunuchs carrying torches, singing-women, and then the groom, dressed in a conventional modern European dress suit. He was a good-looking fellow of 22 years. He had been educated in France, and had imbibed many progressive ideas. He advanced to the bride and raised her veil, thus seeing her face for the first time (what an anxious moment!), looked at her intently for a moment, and bent over and kissed her

The friends then stepped forward, and offered their congratulations, much as we do at home. Those of us who were free to do so went downstairs, guided by the eunuchs, through many intricate passages, and opening a number of heavily bolted gates, until we reached the main part of the palace, where the military band was playing, and supper was served for one thousand persons.

Don't Delay.

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the foul accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which affects nearly every one in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them.

HE MADE CAR FARE OUT OF IT.

A Broker Who Took a Profitable Little Trip to Philadelphia.

The ways of the New York broker are artful and his eyes are always open for an opportunity. When he has a chance to make a good bargain he doesn't let grass grow under his feet, says the New York Tribune.

The head of a steamship company recently said to a Wall street broker: "I wish I could get a certain pier privilege; it's so and so."

"Well, why don't you go and get it?" asked the broker.

"I can't seem to get hold of it."

"The pier business," said the broker, "isn't in my line; but how much would you give me for this privilege if I get it?"

"I'll give you $1,000 a month for a year."

The broker said that he would see what he could do. The pier was owned by a Philadelphia man, and the next afternoon the man from Wall street walked into the office of the pier owner in Philadelphia.

"I want you to buy some bonds," he said.

"Don't want to buy anything," was the answer. "I'm selling."

"But these are gilt-edged. You never saw anything better."

"Can't buy anything. Haven't any money. Got a lot of things on my hands that aren't paying a cent. These are hard times, I tell you. I've got stores that I can't rent; bill that I can't collect. Why there's a pier over in your city that isn't doing what it ought to do for me. A privilege there is just begging for some one to take it."

"Well," said the broker, "I want to sell you some of these bonds. We might make a 'dicker' on the pier. I guess I could get rid of it. Will you take the bonds off my hands if I take the pier privilege off yours?"

"I don't want bonds."

"Wouldn't you take them to get rid of your pier?"

"No; I am carrying all I want."

"Well, maybe I'll take your pier anyway. How much do you want for it?"

"Three thousand dollars a year."

The broker thought he might as well take the privilege, even if they couldn't strike a bargain on bonds. The next morning he went to the New York steamship man.

"I can get that pier for a year," he said.

"At what terms?"

"Your own figures—$12,000 a year."

The privilege was relet right then and there, the contract signed and the broker was just $9,000 better off. A short time after this the steamship man met the broker again.

"Say, X——," he said, "tell me, now, just for fun, what did you make out of that pier business?"

"Carfare," answered the broker, unblushingly.

"Carfare?"

"Yes, carfare—around the world."

A Young Man's Troubles.

"What's the matter? You seem to be in a frightful rage this morning."

"I am. You remember the challenge I sent to a magazine editor?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have just received his answer. He says that my manuscript has been received, and that it will be carefully examined in due course of time."—Washington Star.

A Fair Offer.

"Will you give me this little hand?" he pleaded, lovingly.

"Reginald, this hand is already pledged," she replied.

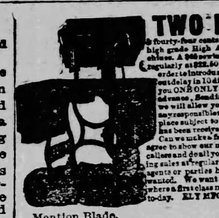
"I will redeem it," he answered, absently. "If you will let me have the ticket."—St. Louis Humorist.

A Lucky Woman.

"My husband is so unsympathetic," wailed the young wife. "He does not understand me at all."

"You are lucky," said the experienced matron, who had buried no less than three husbands. "That's half the charm in a wife—her husband's inability to imagine what she is going to do next."—Indianapolis Journal.

—RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists.



Mention Blade.

TWO DOLLARS

A forty-four cents each for one of our best high grade High Arm Airtight Sewing Machines. A $60 sewing machine with which we regularly sell $25. Is now offered at $2.44. In order to introduce them in your home and in every locality in 1043 more towns we will send you, ONLY for $2.44. No money in advance, send the your order to-day and we will allow you to deposit $2.44 with any express agent in your locality, machine subject to our order after machine has been received and tried for 20 days. Can we make a fairer offer? You must also agree to show our machine to neighbors and others and if you can obtain them orders at our regular price, $22.50. Dealers, Canvassers and parties having machines are not agents or parties we want to place them in honest, where a first class machine is needed. Order to-day. ELY MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Question Bureau.

Pension Legislation.

W. W. C., Hamilton, O.: The record of federal pension legislation for which you ask is as follows:

In 1878 a bill was passed by the Lower House of Congress, repealing all limitations of time in which applications for arrears of pensions should be made. Upon this the vote stood: Democrats for the bill, 48; Democrats against the bill, 61. Republicans for the bill, 118; Republicans against the bill, none.

Subsequently a bill increasing the pensions of widows from $8 to $12 was voted on, with the following result: Democrats for the bill, 80; Democrats against the bill, 66. Republicans for the bill, 118; Republicans against the bill, none.

The disabilities bill, passed August 4, 1886: Democrats for the bill, 75; Democrats against the bill, 51. Republicans for the bill, 91; Republicans against the bill, none.

The widows' arrears bill (giving arrears of pensions, from the death of their husbands, to widows entitled to pensions), passed the Senate by the following vote: Democrats for the bill, 1; Democrats against the bill, 20. Republicans for the bill, 22; Republicans against the bill, none.

The disability pension bill (gives pensions to all disabled soldiers and to dependent parents and children) passed June, 1890. Democrats for the bill, 98; Democrats against the bill, 56. Republicans for the bill, 117; Republicans against the bill, none.

Same bill in the Senate: Democrats against the bill, 18. Republicans for the bill, 31; Republicans against the bill, none.

In the Forty-ninth Congress a dependent pension bill was voted on in the Senate, with the following result: Democrats against the bill, 34. Republicans against the bill, 27; Republicans against the bill, none.

In the same Congress a similar bill was voted upon in the House of Representatives, the following results: Democrats for the bill, 66; Democrats against the bill, 75. Republicans for the bill, 114; Republicans against the bill, none.

This bill was vetoed by President Cleveland. An effort was made in the lower House to pass the bill over the veto, with the following result: Democrats for the bill, 87; Democrats against the bill, 125. Republicans for the bill, 138; Republicans against the bill, none. Showing that 29 Democrats who had originally voted for the bill changed to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the President's veto to vote against it, thus testifying their real sentiments, while 20 others who had followed the lead of the President and call broker in effect bets that the shares will not fall below a certain point or rise beyond another point. If they fall below that point he agrees to buy such a number as is mentioned in the option; if they rise he agrees to sell that number. The option holds good a certain number of days.

THistory as to Christ.

G. B. T., Enid, Okla., asks, "What historical evidence is there, outside of the Bible, as to the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ?"

There is none, outside the New Testament narratives, except the testimony of the early Christians. The execution of what they would have considered an obscure fomenter of sedition, in a small and distant province of the empire, is sufficient reason for no mention being made of his crucifixion by the Roman historians. As for his resurrection, the story patched up by the Jews and the soldiers who were guards at the tomb, that the disciples stole him away while the guard slept, was accepted of course by the unbelieving Jews and others. It is also apparent, as the penalty for sleeping on duty was death with the Roman military. The fact the soldiers were not put to death is proof of the fabrication, as well as of the resurrection. Christ was seen by over 500 people after his resurrection, and these all testified concerning the matter—which was one of the reasons for the rapid spread of the Christian faith in the first century.

The Webster-Hayne Debate.

T. J., New Lisbon, O., asks: "What was the subject of the Webster-Hayne debate?"

The United States Senate was discussing Foot's resolution relative to the survey of the public lands, which discussion gradually turned on the Calhoun doctrine of nullification. Mr. Hayne endeavored in an elaborate argument to show that New England had always pursued an unfriendly course toward the Western states. Webster's first speech was in reply to this. Mr. Benton followed Webster, and Hayne then made a speech a day and a half long, which was strongly marked with bitterness toward the Eastern states and reaffirmed the doctrine of nullification. Webster began his reply the next day, and completed it the day after. This speech was a crushing refutation of all of Hayne's positions. The latter made a short reply, and Webster closed the discussion. His speeches killed nullification with the mass of the American people.

Weather Signals.

W. W., Kingfisher, Okla., writes: "Will you be kind enough to explain the signals (flags) used by the Weather Bureau on the postal cars? The trains run close by our place, and we would like to understand the signal."

These are as follows No. 1, a white flag, square, which signifies fair weather.

No. 2, blue flag, square, which indicates rain or snow.

No. 3, square flag, upper half white, lower half blue, which indicates local rain.

No. 4, a triangular black flag, indicates temperature. If above either No. 1, 2, or 3, it means warmer weather; if below, colder. If this flag is not used, it means the temperature is stationary.

No. 5, a white square flag with a black square in the center, is the cold wave flag, and when carried means that the temperature will fall at least 20 degrees.

Politics of Millionaires.

H. S. F., Peoria, Ill., wants to know "to which political party the greatest number of moneyed men of this country belong."

This is a question utterly impossible to answer in full. Millionaires like Calvin S. Brice, the railroad magnate, who is a Democratic Senator and leader; Andrew Carnegie, who is a protectionist, and other men who take part in politics, have their political views known to all men. But the majority of men engaged in great business enterprises pay little attention to politics. Jay Gould supported one party or the other, as he saw fit. He supported Blaine in 1884 and Cleveland in 1886. All the very wealthy men of the South are Democrats; in the North, so far as we are able to judge, they are about equally divided.

Artillery Salutes.

A. A. H., Frankfort, Ky.: The number of guns fired in a salute depends upon the rank of the person to be honored. Our national salute is one gun for each state. Twenty-one guns are fired for presidents, sovereigns, and members of royal families. Nineteen guns are fired for the vice president or the president of the Senate. Seventeen guns are fired for generals-in-chief, the general of the army, the admiral of the navy, members of the cabinet, the speaker of the House of Representatives, governors of states, and so on.

Pension Vetoes.

M. H., Kenton, O.: The following statement, prepared from the official records, shows the number of pension bills to which each president since the war has refused his signature:

Lincoln	None
Johnson	None
Grant	5
Hayes	None
Garfield	None
Arthur	None
Cleveland	534
Harrison	None

Increase of Colored People.

Inquirer, Toledo, O., asks: "Please give the facts, as to the comparative increase or decrease of the colored population of the United States, since the war of the rebellion."

The white and colored population of the United States by each of the three last censuses is herewith given:

	Negroes.	Whites.
1870	4,880,099	33,589,377
1880	6,580,793	43,402,970
1890	7,638,360	54,983,890

From these figures it is easy to calculate the rate per cent of increase of each race in each of the two last decades.

Unitarian Doctrine.

G. B. T., Enid, Okla.: The term Unitarian is the opposite to Trinitarian. Trinitarians are those who believe in the Trinity of the Godhead; Unitarians believe in the absolute unity of God. They of course thus necessarily deny the deity of Christ and his equality with God. There is no fixed doctrine of that church as to Christ's status, that being left to individual belief, and some Unitarians hold a belief in Christ's divinity, while others believe that he was solely a teacher and an exemplar.

Idaho Has the Australian Ballot.

C. P. M., Bonanza City, Idaho, corrects a recent statement in The Blade, which said Idaho has not yet adopted the Australian ballot. The law in that state was approved February 25, 1891. Thanks for the correction.

Miscellaneous.

L. T. B., Funk, Neb.: Borax is the flux used to weld gold.

A. E. P., Perrysville, O.: We have not the data to answer.

F. M. B., Wenatchee, Wash.: The chrysalis you sent us did not bring forth a butterfly. It probably died in transit in the mails.

J. E. W., Duquoin, Ill.: The annual statistical reports of the treasury department contain the figures of foreign immigration to the United States.

W. B. N., East View, Ky.: There is no passage in the Bible which says there will be a time when winter cannot be told from summer except by the leaves on the trees. Perhaps what you have in mind is Zechariah xiii, 7-8. The other passage you inquire for is Isaiah li, 4, or Micah iv, 3, or Joel iii, 10.

C. P. F., Lake Odessa, Mich., desires the best method of cleaning a lead waste pipe which is coated with grease. The method generally used is to let boiling water run through. Or, if the pipe can be stopped at the lower end, it may be filled with a boiling solution of wash soda in water. This turns the grease into soap, which can then be washed out.

The 19th Century Woman has asserted her right to the pursuit of health, wealth and happiness, and knows how to go to work to obtain them. She begins with her health. When an ache or a pain warns her of overwork; when a cold, sore throat or indigestion tells of coming danger, instead of waiting to be laid up from either work or pleasure, she at once applies an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER and goes right on with her duties, knowing that she can safely rely upon the ALLCOCK'S to take care of the trouble.

And when she asks for an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and the druggist tries to sell her something "just as good as ALLCOCK'S," she goes elsewhere, for she wants only the best and will have none but

Allcock's Porous Plasters

DECLINE OF THE WRAPPER.

Woman's Progress Follows the Disappearance of This Garment.

"I've just seen Jean's trousseau," remarked Nancy to Priscilla, as they seated themselves with a box of chocolates before the fire.

"Anything remarkable in it?" inquired Priscilla, selecting a nougatine with critical care.

"Yes; or rather it is remarkable what is not in it," answered Nancy. "In your girlhood know that girl hasn't one single thing of the wrapper species but her bath-robe and a silk travelling rig that should never be seen outside of her own room."

"Good gracious!" gasped Priscilla. "A bride without tea gowns and wrappers! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"No one, of course. But, Priscilla, dear, I've been thinking it over and I've come to the conclusion that the wrapperless trousseau is indicative of the spirit of the times. You and I, Pris, are not so young that we can fail to recall the prominent part played in trousseaux a few years ago back by beribboned and belaced affairs, with trains and jabots. You see, then, in those days, it was still the fashion for a bride to flutter down in all that essentially feminine frippery and pour her husband's coffee and look longingly at him from the window as he went off to work. She was supposed to spend a good deal of her time at home that old-fashioned bride. Well, now, Jean's morning rig is a plain brown cloth skirt and sleeveless zouave jacket, which she is going to wear with brown and pink linen shirt waists and a tie. She will look all right for pouring coffee, and she won't have to change her frock to go to the charity meeting or to inspect the plumbing at the day nursery or to drop in at the library. If she has writing to do she can sit down and do it without getting lace jabots into the ink. She can see the fish man without feeling that she is admitting him to undue intimacy. She is all ready to walk out in the street, to stop the fe cart driver from beating his horse. In fact, Pris, dear, the decline of the wrapper, even when it is called tea gown, marks progress of the thoroughly up to date wife. What do you think?"

"I think," said Priscilla, thoughtfully, "that I won't give Jean that vellum-bound Tennyson, after all, but a neat copy of the charity directory. It would be more in her line."—New York World.

About Theosophy.

It is astonishing to note how few people have a clear notion as to the meaning of the theosophical movement. Some look upon Theosophy as a new dispensation, with Madame Blavatsky as its pope and prophetess. Others again seem to be possessed by the idea that it is a kind of hanky-panky business for the propagation of insanity and the production of phenomena. And yet as a matter of fact, this grand old title covers a system of philosophy more profound than any now existing, and more subtle than even the metaphysics of modern German thought. But it is not alone to its ideas that Theosophy owes its preeminence, for it is intensely practical, being founded on an intimate knowledge of nature. Modern science viewed through a theosophic lens assumes a beauty and a depth of meaning which no lover of knowledge can afford to lose. But it is not with science that Theosophy has principally to do, but with life in all its varied forms of manifestation. And it may with perfect truth be called "the science" of life explained by a transcendental idealism which may be called the science of Light. This latter term is probably more vague and poetical than is suited to the practical tastes of our age, but it is due to the fact that from a study of the sublime teachings of a Wisdom-Religion, into which theosophical writings claim to form themselves, we emerge with a clear conception of the existence around us and in us of an ethereal something similar to sunlight, but more active for us only as an invisible presence, and which is aptly called the Light of Consciousness.

This all-pervading energy of self-perception transforms everything, organic or inorganic, into conscious existence. To this conception of a universe of Light, heat of the activity of an Infinite Consciousness may be traced the explanation of the word Theosophy. It means, accurately translated, "the wisdom of the Gods." Every atom and molecule, every shape and form of earthly life, is the representation of a ray of this light of Life which, in them, are personified. So that rays of consciousness become imprisoned in material bodies, which thus become potential Gods. Theosophy, therefore, when it tries to unravel the mysteries of nature is brought more and more into contact with these captive essences and explains over more fully the workings and the wisdom of "the Gods."

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Mare With Foal.

I. C. D., Iowa: Swelling of the legs does not indicate that the mare is suffering from any unnatural cause. You are advised to give no medicine of any kind. If constipation is present give an occasional bran mash. Give the mare walking exercise twice a day, but do not permit hard drawing of any kind, and she will come out safely.

Ticks on Sheep.

W. L. jr., Louck's Mills: The best way to get rid of ticks, is to dip them in an insecticide preparation. Of these perhaps that recommended by Mr. Stevart is as economical and effective as any. These ticks are a great annoyance to sheep and should be destroyed in the spring or early summer as soon as the sheep are shorn, and again in August or September. The dip may be used pro-vious to clipping, by rubbing it in. The lambs should also be dipped. The preparation is: A decoction of tobacco mixed with sulphur. Either plug tobacco orto bacco stems may be used. Steep the tobacco in water nearly at a boiling heat, but not boiling at the rate of four pounds to 20 gallons of water. One pound of sulphur is then stirred in the liquid. Keep the liquid warm but not boiling but, by adding new liquor the sheep are dipped. During the dipping, stir the liquid to keep the sulphur well distributed. It requires two persons to do the dipping. Pour the liquid in a tub. Take the sheep and put it in the tub, back down, up to the neck or head. Keep it there for a minute until the sheep has became thoroughly saturated. Then lift it out and stand it on an inclined stage, made of two wide boards, fitted together so that there will be no leak where they meet. At the bottom of the boards nail slats, or strips in a V shape with space just sufficiently wide at the bottom to allow the liquid that passes from the sheep to escape into a bucket beneath. Let the sheep stand until the liquid ceases to run, then put the sheep where they will not get on grass until they are dry. The liquid in the bucket may be heated and again utilized. A little railing may be put around the boards if the sheep are wild. Some who dip sheep prefer a slatted incline instead of boards. The sulphur in the dip softens and whitens the wool.

Disease of Eye.

W. C. H., West Virginia: That which is the matter with your ox's eye is known as pterygium, a flesh-colored membrane, which most frequently grows from the inner angle of the eye. The remedy is to dissect it away, and touch the part carefully with dilute lunar caustic. The horns must of course be as affected also. Carefully wash the part and apply with a feather: Carbolic acid 1 part, rainwater 8 parts, every day for a week. If the disease is deep seated in the haw, the injection may be made with a small syringe. As you have had the growth cut away, the inflammation may be removed by fomenting the eye for half an hour every day for a week with water as hot as the animal will bear it. Then dry well. The haw should never be cut when it is swells. Take the inflammation out with hot water fomentations.

The Sunflower.

W. S. P., Nebraska: The Russian sunflower is the largest variety, and may be had of any seed house at 5 cents a packet or 30c per pound. As an oil-producing grain they will not, as compared with flaxseed give as good results, nor has the oil the commercial value of flaxseed oil. As feed for poultry they are excellent if not given too freely. Fowls have light plumage that are given the seeds. The editor cannot tell you where there is a firm that purchases sunflower oil. If you do not know of any seed house in your state have your grocery man send for some Russian seeds. Perhaps some one of the readers of The Blade have experimented with sunflower seed in feeding stock. If so, the editor of The Blade Farmstead will be pleased to have a communication on the subject. In feeding to stock the seeds should be ground and mixed with other ground seed.

M

Talmage's Sermon.

AFTER A NIGHT'S STRUGGLE WITH AN ENEMY.

Eloquent Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage—Taken From Jacob's Wrestling With an Evil Spirit.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle was crowded yesterday morning with the usual throng of eager listeners. Dr. Talmage preached on the spiritual conflicts of life, taking for his text Genesis xxxii., 24-26: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.' And he said, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.'"

The dust arose from a travelling herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "the day breaketh."

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburg, the pistol shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the Cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the Bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Financial disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you, or you will throw it. Here is another soul, in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. Gone! Gone! Broke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And behold he found himself alone by the brook Jabbok; and midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it; and oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light, to look from above, and hell stretches itself in mountains of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle; and they have bitten their lips, and clenched their fists, and cried with a bloodred earnestness, and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"

Again: we may take the idea of the text, and announce the approach of the day-dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled, or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy, or no liturgy, or they must be Calvinists or Armenians, in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are non-essentials in religion.

During my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church, and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopalian church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of the saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience, I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle, and in God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not go always saddened and heart broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will staunch your heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the East begin to swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance.

After awhile, Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"

Death to many, nay to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a better thing to look upon this fair world, and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its fallna: fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood, or counselled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we many have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The latter may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood; or the church of Christ may mourn over our going; but if Jesus calls all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hour of death's night will pass along; 1 o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock in the morning, 4 o'clock in the morning, the day breaketh. So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against the world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well; but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others I want them to be sure of that forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretching out to hold me back I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming: Let me go! The day breaketh.

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SHE SCANS THE SKY.

Miss O'Halloran, an Astronomer of Considerable Renown.

Not many women, in this country or abroad, take to the study of sun spots and variable stars, but those who do take the keenest delight in their work, Miss Rose O'Halloran, of San Francisco, is the only Pacific coast woman who has attained to any prominence in this direction. Miss O'Halloran was born in Ireland and was well educated by her father who was well-to-do. After his death the property he left rapidly melted away and Rose determined to try her fortune in America. She had studied an elementary text book on astronomy, and before being long in this country was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Prof. George Davidson, the well-known astronomer. He became impressed with her pluck and through the professor and his wife Miss O'Halloran was able to obtain the desire of her life—a telescope. Thus equipped she started a class in astronomy, her classroom also doing duty as an observatory. Her telescope is an instrument with a refractor measuring 4 1-8 inches, and by its aid the energetic owner has been enabled to obtain material for numerous valuable magazine articles on the subject in which she takes chief delight. She once reviewed an astronomical work for a San Francisco paper and did it so well that Professor Ormond Stone, of the University of Virginia, assumed Professor Holden to be the writer. Miss O'Halloran is much interested in popularizing her pet science and has a numerous class of pupils. At present the little woman is collecting material for a book, and those who know her best are most confident that when the work is published—not for some time yet—it will prove a valuable addition to the literature of astronomy.

MISS ROSE O'HALLORAN.

The Why of It.

Hostess—Of course the dinner is given for Miss Purdy, but I can't let you take her in because you never will take the trouble to be agreeable except for a pretty woman.

Reggy Westend—Whom do I take in, then?

Hostess—Mrs. Farris.

Reggy Westend—But she's uglier than Miss Purdy.

Hostess—I know that, but she's married and used to being neglected. —Life.

A Pointer.

Mrs. Slimson—My little boy has been very wicked to-day. He got into a fight and got a black eye.

The Rev. D r. Drowsle—So I perceive. Willie, come into the other room and I will wrestle in prayer for you.

Willie—You'd better go home and wrestle in prayer for your own little boy. He's got two black eyes.—Life.

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The Camp Fire.

A Grant Reminiscence.

Decoration day in 1891 found me at a small Southern hamlet. The utmost friendliness was manifested by all for the old Stars and Stripes, but naturally there were few who had worn the blue to take part in the exercises of the day. At 10 o'clock a. m. a little band of eight veterans took up their march to the weed-grown graveyard on the hill, where two or three of their comrades were buried. One of the veterans bore a flag, borrowed for the occasion of an ex-Confederate, while still another old soldier beat time slowly and fitfully on a small drum. There was no other music, no speaking, or other exercise, save that at the graveyard itself, each old veteran dropped a few flowers silently on his comrade's graves.

Poor and feeble as the exercises were there was one spectator whose moistened eyes showed her deep sympathy with the occasion and hour. She was a gray-haired widow, neatly but plainly dressed, and the face half-hidden beneath her black sun-bonnet, still showed traces of early beauty. I learned she had walked two miles to attend the services, and as she rested herself I came up and spoke to her.

"You must be greatly interested in the soldiers to walk so far in their honor this warm day."

The worn features brightened. "Why shouldn't I?" returned she. "My John lies to-day in a soldier's grave, though far away from here. He gave up everything for his country, his life even. I remember so well when he told me he was going to enlist. I hung around his neck, and begged him not to go. We hadn't been married very long, and I thought he couldn't say no to me, but he talked so good to me about our country and his duty that I was ashamed of my tears, and tried to give him up cheerfully. He was in the Twenty-first Illinois regiment, which was under the command of our old neighbor General Grant though he was only Colonel Grant then."

"So General Grant was once your neighbor?" I queried.

"Yes, our near neighbor and a good one too. I named my child after Mrs. Grant. Many is the day I have helped Mrs. Grant in a neighborly way with her work or sewing. They were not rich people then, and Mrs. Grant was a plain, good woman, without any airs or affectation, and everybody liked her."

"Yes, the Grants were good friends of ours, and when he became a great man they were just the same plain, friendly neighbors as ever. After John had been gone some time I heard he was in the hospital. I went South where he was and found him better, but still weak and pale. He wouldn't hear to a furlough, but I thought he wouldn't refuse one if I got it, so I walked around until I got access to Grant's headquarters—he was General Grant then—and I asked him as civil as I knew for a furlough for John, so I could take him home with me. I was a little dashed, for the officers with their fine clothes and shoulder-straps kind of smiled when I asked him. Grant was smoking, and answered shortly that he couldn't and I left down-hearted enough. Two minutes later I met a lady who said to me, 'Did you get what you wanted?' I got a furlough for my husband.'"

"That set me afire, for I'm quick-tempered, so back I put into the room where Grant was still smoking. He said: "What is it, Mary?"

"I could see those fine officers smiling more than ever, but I was so mad I never stopped to think, and I said as snappish as you please: 'I think it wouldn't hurt you to oblige an old friend and I want that furlough for John!'"

"He gave it to me without a word, and when those fellows with the shoulder-straps saw that they bowed me out as though I had been the queen. But dear me! John wouldn't take the furlough after I got it, and I had to go back without him. The next I heard of him he was dead.

"After the war I was very poor, and had lots of trouble—family trouble that like to have driven me crazy. You couldn't get a pension then as easy as you can now, and there was some trouble about proving John's death. General Grant was President, and I grew so desperate that I took the little money I had, bought me a ticket to Washington, and went straight to the White House. I was dressed poor and common enough I tell you, but I asked to see Mrs. Grant, and when she came she said in the friendliest sort of way: 'Mary, I'm glad to see you, and she took me right to her own room, and made me sit down and tell her everything. Then she touched a bell, and ordered a luncheon brought to me, and it was so fine, and on such fine dishes and all among me were such grand things that I looked at my poor dress and shawl and wondered if I were not dreaming."

"Maybe she saw me looking, for afterwards she brought me one of her own dresses—a plain one, she called it, but it was a grand one to me, and talked with me about my affairs a long time. Then she excused herself for something or other, and showed me how to call a servant if I needed anything. Nellie Grant came in afterwards and talked with me, and so did General Grant. He wrote a few lines for me to take to the pension office, saying he knew me to be a worthy woman, and to give prompt and special attention to my claim, and sure enough I soon got my pension. When I started home General Grant slipped $20 into my hand and says: 'Mary, if ever you are in need let me know.'"

Here some one else came up and engaged the widow in conversation, and I slipped away. But the incidents she related place the old soldier President and his wife in such a kindly light that I give it to the world concealing only the real names of the widow and her husband.—L. S. L., Pineville, Mo.

The Baltimore Riot.

Editor Camp Fire:—A few days before the riot of the 19th of April, the Militia of Middlesex county was summoned for the defense of the national capital. We left workshops, desks and family to come to the defense of the capital. We thought we were coming to a picnic; that the people of South Carolina were a little off their balance and would be all right on sober second thought.

A few miles out from Baltimore the quartermaster gave us each ten rounds of ammunition. We had been singing songs. The colonel told us he expected trouble in Baltimore, and impressed on each man not to fire until he was commanded to. The singing ceased, and then we thought we had serious business before us, and that others besides those in South Carolina had lost their balance."

When we reached the Baltimore depot (President street station) some of the cars had gone ahead; and four companies, young men, were in the cars, unconscious of what was going on outside. We thought the people of Baltimore and Maryland were of the same government as we were, and that if not, they ought to be, that they had an interest in the government, the best ever devised; that Maryland, at least, was loyal.

A man knocked on our door and told us they were tearing up the track. Our captain said, "Men, file out!" The order was given and we marched out. The captain said: "March as close as you possibly can. Fire on no man unless compelled."

We marched through a hail of railroad iron, brick and other missiles. We proved ourselves brave soldiers; proved that we could wait, at least, for the word of command. We were pelted; we lost some of our comrades, and others were disabled for life, but we went to Washington.

The "four companies" alluded to were "C," "D," "I" and "L," under Captains Follansbee, Hart, Pickering and Dike. They formed on President street at the depot, in the midst of a dense and angry crowd. The Baltimore police were a mile and a half away at Camden Station, waiting to meet them after they should get through the city.

As the soldiers advanced along President street the crowd increased and became more and more violent. One block from the depot, at the corner of Pawn street, two of the soldiers were knocked down by stones and seriously injured. In crossing Pratt street bridge the soldiers had to pick their way over joists and scantling placed on the bridge to obstruct their passage.

The soldiers continued on their way, and to avoid the necessity of firing on the crowd hurried forward on the double quick. Numerous pistol shots were fired, and, near the corner of Pratt and Commerce streets, one soldier, Luther Ladd, of Salem, fell and lay dying. He was picked up and carried into Mason's store, 306 East Pratt street, and there breathed his last in the arms of Mr. James W. Brady, a Union man. As comrade Ladd fell the first order "Fire!" was given and executed. This was at the corner of South street. Several of the mob fell, and the soldiers again advanced rapidly.

By this time the mayor of Baltimore had come over from Camden Station to meet the soldiers. Captain Follansbee told the mayor they had been fired on without provocation. Mayor Brown said: "Then you must defend yourselves." The soldiers went on; near the corner of Light street another soldier was shot and mortally wounded, and a boy on a vessel in the dock killed. Three soldiers leveled their muskets to fire, and the mayor cried out: "For God's sake don't shoot!" But the trigger had been pulled, and the shots took effect. The mayor then left the head of the column.

A moment after this, when the soldiers had gotten as far as the Maltby House, they were met by Marshal Kane, leading a police force of about fifty. They took position between the soldiers and the mob. Kane shouted to the mob: "Keep back, men, or I shoot!" Kane was well known as a most violent secessionist, and the mob, not wishing to fire on its friends, fell back, allowing the soldiers to finish their march without further molestation. After the troops had started on their way to Washington, Mr. Davis, a Baltimore merchant, cheered for Jeff Davis and was shot. This ended the casualties for the day.

Four of the Massachusetts soldiers had been killed and thirty-six wounded. Twelve Baltimore citizens were killed, including Mr. Davis. The number wounded was never ascertained.

The political proclivities of Marshal Kane were characteristically indicated by his telegram to Bradley T. Johnson, then of Frederick, Md., as follows: "Streets red with blood; send expresses over the mountains of Maryland and Virginia for the riflemen to come without delay. Fresh hordes will be down on us to-morrow. We will fight them and whip them or die!" Johnson afterwards became a Confederate general, but is still living in Baltimore.

The Eighth regiment was the next regiment that passed through Maryland. It reached Perryville on the 20th and went straight from there to Annapolis, the capital, by steamboat, arriving at Annapolis on Sunday morning, April 21. Governor Hicks advised the general not to land on account of the excitement. The governor also wrote to President Lincoln, requesting him to send no more troops through Maryland, and that Lord Lyons, the British minister, should be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties in the United States.

Gen. Butler landed, however, just the same. He repaired the tracks between Annapolis and Washington. On May 5 he took possession of the Relay House, which he fortified; then of Federal Hill, and erected two strong earthworks in other parts of Baltimore; and there were no more mobs in Baltimore during the four years' struggle.

Twice since the close of the war companies of the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers have been received and welcomed in Baltimore, the last time in 1891 by the Fifth Maryland, the best regiment of the state. No one now ever thinks of attaching individual blame to any one who took part on either side of the war, but the city is still Southern in its characteristics. Even those who lost all they had and more, too, in the "lost cause," still praise and glorify the authors of their misfortunes.—Comrade Crowley, Sixth Mass. Vol.

Sherman's March.

Editor Camp Fire:—Please publish in the Camp Fire the song called "Sherman's March to the Sea."—J. C. D., Flat River, Mo.

We published it in a series of "Old War Songs" several years ago, and then announced that we would not be constantly republishing them. We need our space for new matter, not old things reprinted. It is injustice to the great mass of readers to do so.

Is a Good Record.

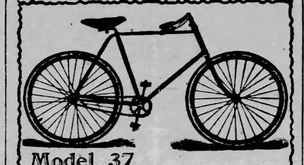
Editor Camp Fire:—In the Blade of April 5 Comrade S. M. Spitler, Company B, Seventeenth Ohio, boasts of 36 brothers in one company. In our Company E, "bloody" Sixth West Virginia infantry, we had three brothers each from three families, and two each from 26 families, maxing 61 in all. Send me the cake, please.—G. M. Ireland.

Splinters.

A daughter of Comrade Hirsch, Company 88, Ohio Volunteers, would like to hear from some of her father's comrades.

Splinters.

J. N. Ohlwine, Cromwell, Indiana, secretary 30th Indiana Veterans, wants all 30th Indiana comrades to write him giving address of comrades known to be alive.



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The Sunday School.

Israel in Egypt.

LESSON VII., MAY 13, 1894.

Golden Text: Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Psa. 124:8.

LESSON TEXT.

(Exod. 1:1-14.)

1. Now these are the names of the children of Israel, which came into Egypt; every man and his household came with Jacob.
2. Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah,
3. Issachar, Zebulun, and Benjamin,
4. Dan, and Naphtali, Gad, and Asher.
5. And all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob were seventy souls: for Joseph was in Egypt already.
6. And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.
7. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.
8. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.
9. And he said unto his people, Behold the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we:
10. Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it came to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.
11. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses.
12. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel.
13. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour:
14. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour.

Illustrative Applications.

Now these are the names of the sons of Israel. which came into Egypt (v. 1). We are making history when we least think of it. That which seems a little matter to us may be a link in a chain that binds the ages. What we do to-day or to-morrow is done for all time. It cannot be undone. It and all its countless results must stand entailed to the latest generation: and we are to have honor or shame according as our part is now performed. There is no keeping out of history. We have got to be there. The only safe way of standing well in history is by doing well at all times. You are just now going to Boston, or to New York, or to Chicago, or to Savannah, or to London.—will the record of your spirit and conduct as you go there read well ten years hence, or a hundred? That depends on what your spirit and conduct are at the present time. And if you stay at home, your place in history—in God's record of history—is just as sure as if you went to Egypt or the Holy Land. That record is making up to-day: "Now, these are the sons of ——, which came into ——, or, which stayed at ——." If you want a record which shall redound to your honor, and of which your children's children shall be proud, you have no time to lose in getting things straight for it.

And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation (v. 6). That was a way they had in those days. In the former ages, everybody died, sooner or later. And old times were much like these times, so far. Whether one lives in a palace, or tends sheep on a hillside: whether he is rolling in wealth, or is pinched with want: whether he has friends without number, or lives all by himself in the world: whether he sees a fixture and a necessity in a large place, or of small account to anybody, —one day that man must die; and then he can no longer do work or find enjoyment in life, or be of any service to those who have depended on him. No truth is surer than this, and no truth seems more commonly lost sight of. Do you live as in constant consciousness of the certainty of death? Do you act and speak and plan always in view of the truth that you are to die? Is every thing you do or say such as it would be if you realized the nearness of death? If not, why not? Death ought not to be looked forward to with fear or shrinking,—we were born to die; dying is what we are living for; but death ought to be ever before the mind as an unfailing fact, and all our life should be lived in view of the fact of death and its disclosures. "Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation;" and you will die, and all your brethren, and all your generation,—unless indeed our Lord come before you and they die; but, if you are not ready to die, you are not ready for his coming.

There arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph (v. 8). The strongest earthly dependence we can have to lean on is by no means a sure one. Even if it holds good as long as it lasts, it will not last forever. Administrations change—elsewhere than in Egypt. Men in power to-day who would do everything for us and for ours, may be replaced to-morrow by those who care nothing for us—unless, indeed, they are our enemies. Your place in the bank, the counting room, the mill or on the ship or the farm; your boy's position in business; your own most important personal interests or financial investments,—may just now seem sure and safe beyond a question; but another night may bring about such changes as put a different face on everything. There is only one King who never dies; only one friend who never fails; only one power who is always sure. He who looks to any Pharaoh for support or favor, will sooner or later find his best hopes a disappointment. He who trusts the living God will never find him on whom he leans replaced by a successor. Faith is better than funds or friends for the life which is, as well as for the life which is to come.

He said, come, let us deal wisely with them (vs. 9, 10.) That was wise, to begin with. There is wisdom in recognizing the necessity of wisdom. He who thinks he can manage anybody without wisdom, lacks the wisdom to see his unwisdom. God commended the wisdom of Solomon in knowing enough to ask for more wisdom, in order that he might manage and rule his people wisely. God will commend any man's wisdom in praying for more wisdom to deal with others wisely. If a man has a family of children to manage, he ought to say to his wife at the start, "Come, let us deal wisely with them." He ought to say the same if he has scholars to teach, or members of a church and congregation to lead and to minister to, or clerks and laborers and servants to direct. Companions and playmates ought to deal with one another in the same spirit, and with the same resolve. So it should be in all meeting of duties and difficulties of life. "Come, let us deal wisely with them," is the best thing to say when anybody or anything is before us to be cared for, or to be grappled with. But it is one thing to say, "Let us deal wisely," and quite another thing to be wise in our doings and dealings. Pharaoh was a good example in admitting the necessity of dealing wisely; he was anything but an example in his exhibit of wise dealing with those who were under him. The facts of his career are before us. "Come, let us deal wisely with them."

The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and the more they spread abroad (v. 12.) There was nothing very strange about that. That is the way of things the world over. Hindrances are the best helps in life. Difficulties promote progress. The sturdiest men and the hardiest trees are found in the rough hill country—not in the richer plains. Muscles which are taxed most grow strongest. Brains have added power with added use. There is no way of weakening a child's mental and moral faculties like pampering him with indulgence. For nothing ought we to be more grateful than for our privations and trials. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." God shows his love for us quite as much in what he denies us as in what he gives us; and quite as much in what he gives which we dislike as in what he gives which we enjoy. The more we are afflicted the more we ought to grow—in spiritual beauty and in spiritual power. Pharaoh didn't count on this state of things when he began to afflict the children of Israel; but God had it in mind from the beginning. Thus it is in many a case. Our enemies often do more for us than our friends. Persecution sometimes brings unexampled prosperity. The blood of the martyrs proves the seed of the church. The Lord thus causeth even the wrath of man to praise him.

They made their lives bitter with hard service (v. 14.) It is no credit to Pharaoh that God overruled his oppression of the Israelites to their advantage. In his course there is nothing but guilt and shame. He who makes another life bitter, has the bitterness of that life to answer for, whatever good may come to his victim through the blessing of God. It is a terrible thing—a shameful thing also—to make another's life bitter. Yet there are boys and girls who are making their mothers' lives bitter; and there are husbands who are making the lives of their wives bitter; and there are parents who are making their children's lives better. Pharaoh is dead; there is no danger of his making our lives bitter with hard bondage. But the devil is not dead; and there in danger of our being in hard bondage to him. Pharaoh's bondage was overruled for good to those who were under it. The devil's bondage is harder than Pharaoh's, and no good comes of it directly to its subjects. It were better for us to have died under the hardest bondage of Pharaoh, than to live on under the devil's easiest bondage. "Know ye not, that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" "Every one that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin;" for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he also brought into bondage."—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

A FOX ON THE EGG.

Psycho-Physiology Question That Anybody May Answer.

In the Danish paper, Nordlyset, published in New York city, the following notice appeared:

"Nestved Avis tells that the other day a fox snatched a hen from a farm on Tyen, Denmark; the farmer pursued Mr. Reynard and saved the hen. On the following day the hen laid an egg on one end of which was a gray spot, which, on examination, proved to be the picture of a fox. The egg is now in possession of Mr. Baagoe, apothecary in Nestved."

This notice excited the curiosity of a gentleman in Brooklyn, who wrote to Mr Baagoe, asking him if there

was any truth in the report, and in reply he received the letter printed below and a photograph, of which this is a sketch:

"Nestved, Dec. 12, 1893.

Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"It is a pleasure to me to give you some information about that egg. In the village of Stubberup a hen was recently caught by a fox, but the owner of the hen heard her clamor and ran after the fox who, to save his hide, dropped his prey, and by kind nursing the hen speedily recovered. The next day she laid an egg, on the shell of which was found a picture resembling a fox. Thinking it possible that the spot on the shell by mere accident had formed itself into the picture of a fox, I got possession of the egg and brought it to the psychophysiologist, Dr. Lehman. He declared that, although it was impossible to decide how the pigment had settled on the shell, he was confident that it was caused by the shock which the hen received when she saw the fox jumping at her.

"Congenial marks on children, caused by fright to mothers while enceinte, are of common occurrence, and we have every day proofs of how psychical powers become physically visible. When frightened (psychically we turn pale (physical); when ashamed we blush, and so forth. But just as little as science so far has been able to explain life itself, just as little can we explain how the psychical and physical functions combine.

"I enclose a photograph of the egg. Respectfully,

J. BAAGOE."

World's Columbian Exposition

Will be of value to the world by illustrating the improvements in the mechanical arts and eminent physicians will tell you that the progress in medicinal agents, has been of equal importance, and as a strengthening laxative that Syrup of Figs is far in advance of all others.

Getting Even With the Men.

It has long been an acknowledged fact that the French matron does not waste much time in lamentation when her husband arrives at the period where clubs and stag dinners are more inviting to him than her society, says the New York World. But the regularly organized club to beguile time on such occasions is comparatively new. Such a one has recently been instituted by wives of a group of artists and literary men, who hold a monthly gathering which they call the dinner des couteaux. The ladies have, therefore, dubbed theirs the dinner des fourchettes, and it takes place on the same night at the house of each member in turn, who alone, on the occasion, is permitted to invite friends not belonging to the society. One rule laid down is that the couteaux are to come to fetch their wives—the fourchettes—after 11 o'clock in the evening.

Late News in Oklahoma.

Tuesday a Ponca City man and his girl were in town. When last seen they were near Peanut Bill's saloon on a beer keg watching the crowd of people on Comanche avenue.—Cross Guide.

More Sensational Than Usual.

Wife—Anything new in the sermon this morning?

Husband—I guess there must have been; I didn't get to sleep until it was half over.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Truly Penitent.

Curate—I hear you broke a chair over your wife's back during a quarrel you had last night.

Parishioner—Yes, sir.

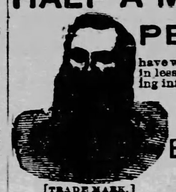
Curate—And aren't you very sorry for what you've done?

Parishioner—Yes, sir, the chair was as good as new.—Exchange.

Western Fact and Fancy.

A Boston man was married last week To one of Chicago's queens;
The society paper came out next day And headed its notice in this odd way:
"A Wedding of Pork
And Beans."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE



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MENTION THIS PAPER.

PRETTY DRESS FOR A CHILD.

Fashions for Little Girls Reflect the Styles of Their Elders.

Children's dresses are, with very few exceptions, little adaptations of the modes of their elders, but they occupy so much space in the realm of fashion they must have their share of attention. Lace collars and wide berthas gain new beauty when they adorn gowns for the little ones, and with revers of modified proportions they form the principal decoration of children's dresses. The effective little costume for a child of six seen in the illustration is made of dull

red crepon, trimmed with narrow bands of black satin. The full waist has a wide belt of the same, and a deep collarette of cream lace, each banded with three rows of satin, finished with small bows. This is a pretty style for white dresses and delicate colors in crepon, which may be trimmed with narrow satin ribbon. The full blouse waist, which is always in fashion for children, is a useful style for wash materials, and bands of embroidered insertion running across the upper part of the waist, or coming down from the neck to the chest, at intervals, in the form of a yoke, and one or two bands around the skirt, make a simple muslin gown dressy enough for any occasion. Plain French twilled flannels make very seasible dresses to be worn at the seaside and in the mountains, while for older girls cheviots are more suitable.

The Era of Muscle.

This is an athletic age. Everybody wants to be strong. The craze—for it has well nigh reached that stage—affects both sexes and even childhood. The pugilistic phase of this fad in young America is by no means morally promising. But is one thing to be endowed with vigor and another to be Sandowed with muscle. Super muscularity is often induced by physical effort perilous to health and calculated to shorten instead of add to the years of a regular and efficient discharge of the physical functions, is the first medium at which all may safely aim without causing ruptures or breaking of vessels. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is largely conducive to a gain in vigor of this sort, since it stimulates and assists digestion, promotes regular bilious secretion an dkeeps the bowels in order. Such a true, grand recuperator of nervous vigor, is encouraged by it, and it remedies malarial, rheumatic and kidney trouble.

Starvation in Spain.

The distress among the laboring population of Andalusia is growing more acute every day. At San Lucar, near Cadiz, where riots occurred last week, bands of famishing workpeople yesterday pillaged the bakers' shops, and their demeanor was so threatening that the few available police gave way before him. In the old town of Ecija, on the River Genil, in the province of Seville, there was rioting in the streets, and the municipality had to distribute 3,000 bread tickets in order to calm the mob. At Tarifa, near Gibraltar, 2,000 workpeople went to the town hall to demand work. At a cabinet council it was decided that public works should be carried out in the provinces of Cadiz and Granada with the object of providing for the unemployed. Great precautions have been taken to protect Parliament from anarchist outrages.—London Standard.

She Was Particular.

A little girl's father had a round bald spot. Kissing him at bedtime not long ago she said:

"Stoop down, popsy, dear; I want to kiss the place where the lining shows."—Exchange.

The Reason.

"Poets are born, not made," he said loftily.

"I knew it," said the editor, "and that's the reason there are so many of them."—Life.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1894.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK!

We will begin the series, "The Foundations of Finance," in next week's issue, and it will continue without interruption until completed. The first article will treat of the beginnings of wealth, and discuss the various definitions which have been proposed by economic writers; the need of a medium of exchange, and the origin of money; and the basic idea of money.

"THE BIMETALLISM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

We have received a large number of postal card replies to our request for views on our recent article, "The Bimetallism of the Constitution," and they are still coming. To those who kindly answered, one and all, we extend hearty thanks. As soon as the cards are all in, we shall discuss some points raised by some of our friends—some by way of objection, some by way of fuller inquiry. The discussion will prove very interesting, and we hope valuable.

USE COUPON NO. 4.

During the month of May, Coupon No. 4 will appear in every issue. Any present subscriber to The Blade, who sends this coupon, cut from the paper, with $1 and the name of a new subscriber, will receive the fourth set of four parts of that splendid art serial, "Sights and Scenes of the World."

Mrs. Kidder this week takes her estimable husband down a peg, in order that his head may not become inordinately swelled. For particulars, read the Kidder article on the fifth page of this paper.

M'GARRAHAN AND HIS CLAIM.

The death of William McGarrahan in a Washington city hospital closes the career of a remarkable man, and possibly ends one of the longest fights to have the government rectify an alleged error, which ever occurred in our history. Some forty odd years ago, McGarraran went to California, and located by purchase and settlement a large tract of land. He paid part of the price, and believed he had secured the concession, part of which was from private parties and part from the United States. A few years later a rich deposit of mercury was discovered on the tract, and other rich mineral deposits. At once D. O. Mills, the California millionaire, with English backing, organized the New Idria Mining company, bought a shadowy claim, which they converted into a counter-title to that held by McGarrahan, and the latter was dispossessed.

For twenty-five years the latter kept up a losing battle against the Mills-Thompson English syndicate. About 1882, the bright idea came to McGarrahan to make his fight upon the government instead of the New Idria company, on the ground that the United States had erred in patenting his lands to that corporation. He went to Congress and asked for the passage of a bill which would enable him to go before the Court of Claims and prove his title to the lands. The bill passed one branch or the other of Congress many times, and finally got through both, but was vetoed by President Harrison on a technical point. It has passed the House at the present session, and probably would have become a law. Had this happened, and he lived, he would have become fabulously wealthy. The bill provided that if judgment should result in his favor, an accounting should be had of the mine's product since 1857. The claimant had it fixed so that in the event of his success in the court of claims the judgment was to be satisfied by the issuance of land scrip at the government rates, $1.25 and $2.25 an acre, which might be placed upon any lands of the public domain not legally occupied. It has been figured out that it would amount to over $166,000,000. As it is, McGarrahan died a pauper, and will be buried by charity.

The Blade and other Associated Press papers published a Sioux City dispatch of April 11, reciting that a few days before a 15-year old girl at Cresco, Ia., died suddenly from the effects of an anaesthetic administered to extract a tooth; that the grave was was opened a couple of days afterward, and it was found she had been buried alive. A Blade subscriber at Cresco writes to say the story is an unmitigated falsehood. The girl died last fall, of heart disease; no tooth was extracted, no anaesthetic used; she was not buried alive. A clipping is also inclosed from the Cresco Plain Dealer, which declares the story has been thoroughly investigated, and that it finds it "to be a devilish piece of misrepresentation, without a shadow of foundation." Some conscienceless scribbler sent the story as a special to a Sioux City daily, and the Associated Press agent used it without investigating the facts.

The Democrats, in their endeavors to explain the adoption of a quorum-counting rule, are illustrating the minute difference between tweedledun and tweedledee. Oh, no! the Speaker will not count the quorum; two tellers will do it for him! What's the difference who does the counting, if a quorum is counted?

The political demagogue, trying to make capital out of the Coxey movement, is beginning to appear at various points. Spot him!

Next thing we shall have a free trade "army" marching down to Washington to compel the Senate to pass the Wilson bill.

Breckinridge should sand the track. His congressional boom is slipping its wheels.

THE DISPENSARY DECISION.

The Supreme court of the state of South Carolina, in its decision that the dispensary liquor law of that state to be unconstitutional, based its decision chiefly upon one point, viz.: that in restricting the sale of liquor to the state dispensaries, and in taking the profits arising from such a business, the state has gone beyond the scope of its police power and has created an unconstitutional monopoly for the sake of the profit thereby secured. Justice McGowan, in his decision, said:

Upon the same principle it seems to us clear that any act of the legislature which is designed to, or has the effect of, embarking the state in any trade which involves the purchase and sale of an article of commerce or profit is outside and altogether beyond the legislative power conferred upon the General Assembly by the constitution, even though there may be no express provision in the constitution forbidding such an exercise of legislative power. This is not and cannot properly be regarded as one of the functions of government. On the contrary, its function is to protect the citizen in the exercise of any lawful employment, the right to which is guaranteed to the citizen by the terms of the constitution and certainly has never been delegated to any department of the government.

The point was carefully considered by the court whether the ordinary police powers of the state would not, in a measure, justify it in assuming certain trade activities, which would not, in principle, belong to it. On this point the majority of the court was of the opinion that the law was not an exercise of the police power at all; it was not an act for the regulation and restriction of the liquor traffic. The real purpose in the mind of those who prepared the measure was to raise revenue. There was no prohibition, or even restriction, on the sale of liquor, but rather an arrangement for its distribution on a practically unlimited scale, and direct encouragements were given to its sale as a source of profit to the state and local government. The majority decision asks the following question on this point: "If the act, instead of confining the privilege of selling liquor to the state, had undertaken to confer such exclusive privilege upon one or more individuals, or upon a particular corporation, could there be any doubt that such an exercise of the legislative power would be unconstitutional?"

But there is another side to this matter. Did not the court err in assuming that the liquor traffic is on the same basis as ordinary business? We think so. Generally speaking, a state has no right to create a monopoly, merely for purposes of revenue. The proceeding is unconstitutional under the section which protects life and liberty. It is true, as implied in the South Carolina decision, that to be justifiable a monopoly must rest solely upon the general police power of a community to protect its interests that may be concerned in the occupation involved. The South Carolina decision, however, goes even further and implies that a monopoly from which large revenue is obtained cannot be considered as fairly within the police power. In such an implication lies the weakness of the court's ruling.

As a general rule a leading writer upon constitutional law has laid down the principle that "when an occupation is of such a nature that it will be dangerous or deleterious unless brought under the control or supervision of the government the case falls within the police power; and no one can be prejudiced by the grant of an exclusive privilege because every one may be debarred." The liquor trade is generally cited in this connection and the citation is especially pertinent in this connection; but the same principle has been sustained as regards slaughter houses, meat and vegetable markets; and it has been decided that a city may build a market house and provide that neither meat nor vegetables shall be sold elsewhere; and that the city may charge proper rental upon any firm doing business in the market house.

The decision that a state may arrogate to itself, or may award to some person or corporation the sole right to transact any business that may properly be held subject to to police powers, has a direct bearing upon the liquor business. A long line of precedents, including the "Intoxicating Liquor Cases" (25 Kan.), The State vs. Brewers' Liquors (25 Conn.), and other celebrated causes, could be cited at length in this connection, if there were any necessity; but the principle is too well established in about all the states to need any proof at this late day. In a large number of cases an important revenue is derived from the license system, which is one form of state or municipal control.

The fact that revenue is derived from the dispensary system, therefore, merely identifies it with other systems in that respect. Even lines of business which do not necessarily come under the police powers are monopolized, for we know a community can become a vender of gas, of water, of light. The fact that a city or state earns money by doing a thing per se is not an evidence of unconstitutionality. And we believe, were the case carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, the decision would be reversed, and the dispensary law be sustained as one of the constitutional methods whereby the state may

Pulverize the Rum Power.

Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith has been using the blue pencil on some of the bulletins to be issued by the Census office, striking out such parts as would furnish a protective argument. One of these was devoted to the wool industry, and 42 pages were suppressed by Smith's order. Here is an extract from one of the pages eliminated, after reading which the reason for the striking out can easily be guessed:

We find the domestic wool manufacture in 1880 in the point of development where it is fairly comparable with that of European countries. It is exceeded by that of Great Britain in the quantity of wool consumed, and probably in the value of product. It exceeds the wool manufacture of France, Germany and every other continental nation in both particulars. Its advance during the last thirty years has been more rapid than in any other country. This fact may be demonstrated by a comparison with Great Britain, whose statistics of wool consumption are more accurately compiled than those of any other European nation.

Before 1860 we imported more woolen goods, in duty-paid value, than we made in our own factories. Our woolen manufacturers consumed but 98,379,785 pounds of greasy wool in that year. In 1890 their consumption had grown to 434,000,000 pounds. In 1860 the British manufacture was consuming 300,000,000 pounds of wool annually, three times as much as our own. In 1890 the British manufacture consumed about 470,000,000 pounds, or but 8 per cent more than our own. In these thirty years our manufacturing consumption of wool has increased nearly 340 per cent, while that of Great Britain has grown 57 per cent.

Whether the half-dozen Democratic Senators who are engaged in the effort to talk the Wilson bill to death will succeed, remains to be seen. We wish them success, however.

The state corkscrew in South Carolina will be placed in the relic room.

AMERICAN TIN PLATE.

The report of Special Treasury Agent Ayer on the tin-plate industry of the United States shows that it is holding its own very well, considering the antagonism of the Wilson bill toward it. For the quarter ended December 31 last, as compared with the preceding quarter, the business held its own as to total product, increased the number of plants in operation by three.

Meanwhile, the Welsh tin-plate makers are waiting anxiously for the passage of the Wilson bill. The South Wales News says:

At present nearly half of the mills in the trade are idle, and directly it is certain about when the repeal (of the McKinley law) will come into force, there may be general preparations for a restart of the 200 mills or so now idle. But much depends on the date fixed for the McKinley duty ceasing, and the old low duty taking its place. * * * The great hope is that the repeal will be as soon as possible.

The Western Mail, published at Cardiff, Wales, says, referring to the Wilson bill:

The material reduction in the tariff (made in the Wilson bill) virtually involves the extinction of tin plate making in America.

Speaking also of the Wilson bill, which cuts the duty on imported tin plate from 2.2 cents a pound to 1 cent, as it was under the tariff of 1883, the Pall Mall Gazette, London, remarks:

The reduction on tin plate from 2 1-5 cents per pound to 1 cent per pound, is a great concession, and ought to stimulate exports from South Wales so as to make up for the distress of 1891-1892.

Why are the Welsh mills idle? Simply because of the starting and growth of the industry in the United States. When the McKinley law was passed, there was not a tin-plate mill in the United States. Mills were built, and in the first year, ended July 1, 1893, we produced about 108,600,000 pounds of tin and terne plate. For the half year ended December 31 last we produced nearly 55,000,000 pounds. There are 39 firms in the United States engaged in the manufacture. That is the reason so many Welsh mills are idle.

Nor has this new industry, created by a protective duty, been any burden to the people. The Democratic liars have voeiferously declared that American consumers were paying more for tin plate under the McKinley law than they did before, but the official reports of the Democratic secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Carlisle, shows this assertion to be a lie. The statistical abstract, just issued, gives, on page 341, the average price of tin plate in this country for the past six years, and it shows that tin has averaged cheaper since the duty was imposed than before:

1889	.....8 cents
1890	.....8 cents
1891 (McKinley law not in effect)	3 cents
1891 (McKinley law half year)	.3 cents
1892 (Under McKinley law)	....2.9 cents
1893 (Under McKinley law)	....2.8 cents

That is, the McKinley law has reduced the price of all tin plate, either domestic or imported, instead of raising it. During the last fiscal year, ended June 30, 1893, we imported 567,806,461 pounds of tin plate; and on this we saved $1,135,612 over the amount we would have paid at the prices ruling for the three previous years!

But the Democrats are malignantly stupid, and having once imbibed the false doctrine that "the consumer pays the duty," they have marked this flourishing new industry for extermination, along with others, through the Wilson bill. Is it not about time for the American people to get their eyes fully opened to the fallacy of the Democratic doctrines, and the deadly injury that party is doing to the country?

THE INDIANA REPUBLICANS.

The Indiana Republicans are in fighting trim. The state convention at Indianapolis showed them to be eager for the fray, enthusiastically determined to do their utmost to overthrow Democracy, and to bring the Hoosier state to the front of the Republican column. The state is in revolt against the incapable Democracy. They are sick of that blatant old socialistic demagogue, Voorhees, and determined to bury him and his party too deep for resurrection.

One of the notable incidents of the convention was the splendid speech of ex-President Harrison, and the magnificent ovation which greeted his entrance to the hall. Indiana has the right to be proud of him. He made one of the best Presidents who ever sat in the chair of Washington and Lincoln, and his party in his own state did well in giving him the honor which is his due. It is not necessarily to be interpreted, though the Democratic press is eager to so claim, as a "boom" for his renomination. It is yet a far cry to 1896, and the task of rescuing Indiana from Bourbon domination needs a compact and united effort on the part of her sturdy Republican sons, unemplicated by any division of sentiment regarding presidential candidates.

The platform is a clear and strong exposition of Republican doctrine, broad and liberal enough for all to stand thereon. Especially excellent is its arraignment of the Democratic national administration, which shows, in compact form, the utter incapacity of the Democrats in Congress to unite for effective work, their entire lack of broad and statesmanlike leadership, their incapacity for constructive legislation, and the stupid blundering of the executive. The Blade has but one word of caution to the Indiana brethren, and that is—Beware of over-confidence! Work as though the result depended on one single vote, and keep up the fight till the polls close on election day. That way lies victory—supreme, magnificent and sweeping.

The price of wool in the United States was never so low as now, nor the importations so great. The price has tumbled to the free trade line, and our farmers, in selling this year's clip, will be able to figure out the deficit in their pocket-books due to Democratic "change."

The evicted tenants' bill, which has been introduced in the British House of Commons, has for its purpose the restoration of Irish tenants evicted since May, 1879. It will bring up another phase of the everlasting Irish question for the politicians in Parliament to wrangle over.

Richmond, Va., wants the G. A. R. encampment for 1895. Why not? Appomattox is close by, and the war could be fought over again—while viewing the battlefields arm-in-arm with ex-Confederates.

Down in West Virginia they call Wm. A. Wilson "Bill the Ripper." And they propose to rip Bill in approved style at the polls next November.

The attempt to read Hill out of the Democratic party is ludicrous when one considers that the bulk of the Democratic party agrees with him.

THE MINERS' STRIKE.

The great coal strike now on, differs from all other contests of the sort in that it is for a readjustment of the price for mining between different coal fields. In some—notably the great Hocking Valley coal fields of Southern Ohio—the miners do not get living wages nor can the operators make any money. The demand for coal has been much shortened by the depression in business, which has decreased consumption very greatly. There are vast stocks on hand, which will be sold before the strike will approach a solution. Then there must be an advance in the price, sufficient to allow the operators to pay fair living wages to the men and make a reasonable profit.

Then the strike can be settled on a fair and equitable basis; but there can come no real prosperity to the miners until there is a general resumption of business. So long as there is not enough demand to require the work of the normal number of miners, a part of them must go without work, or else they take turn and turn about, each man getting a few days' work per week. We see in the present condition of affairs among the coal miners another of the evil results of the Democratic agitation for free trade. It has stopped mills and factories, and reduced railway traffic; this of course, reduced largely the amount of coal needed, and the miners and operators are feeling the effects. It is only another illustration, if any were needed, of the fact that there is an interdependence of all branches of human industry, and one can not suffer without others feeling the effects.

SCHOOL SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN IN OHIO.

After a contest of nearly twenty years the women of Ohio have, by the action of the legislature, been granted the right to vote for school officers and on all school questions. The act shuld have been passed long ago, and Ohio instead of being the thirtieth state to grant this right should have been first.

It is a matter of congratulation to the women of the state who have never ceased to battle for this act of justice to them through all these years of discouragement and disappointment. But perhaps it is better now than as though it had happened before. With public sentiment in favor of it, the exercise of the right granted will be much more pleasant than had a legislature passed favorably upon the question years ago, when the mass of the people of the people of the state combated the idea. Of course the matter must come up in the supreme court, and there must be a comparison with the fossilized constitution of the state, to see if laws agree.

If the law is not constitutional, there will be a new constitution within ten years, for public sentiment will so decree. The schools of the state will be given more attention with the mothers looking after them along with the fathers, and next spring they will be taken into consideration by political machines.

"M'KINLEY DEMOCRATS."

The above term may seem a contradiction of names, but it expresses an existent fact. The woods are full of McKinley Democrats—men who have hitherto voted with the Democratic party, and supported its tenets and candidates with zeal, who still adhere to the name but who are going to vote for candidates for Congress this year who are pledged to the support of the protective principle, of which Governor McKinley is the foremost champion in the nation. The following letter, received from a Blade subscriber in Missouri, gives a pertinent illustration:

A few days ago L. W. Chase, of Kirksville, was on the Q., O. & K. C. train going over to Gault, and observed an Irishman in lively conversation with a Democratic attorney from Milan, discussing the tariff question pro and con. The Irishman was in favor of a protective tariff, and the attorney the reverse. The Irishman got off the train at Gault, and went to the hotel with Chase.

After supper Chase remarked to the friendly Hibernian that he deserved great credit for being a Republican. The Irishman replied: "Sure, and Ol'm no Republican!" "Well," answered Chase, "you are not a Republican, I would like to know what you are?" The Irishman answered: "Sir, Ol'm a McKinley Dimocrat, and Ol can assure you they're as thick as bees over at Chillicothe," which brought the house down in applause for the jolly son of Erin's isle, and cheers for McKinley.

One of the features of the reunion of Confederate Veterans' association at Birmingham, Alabama, was a report from the historical committee recommending a general plan for getting reliable data for an "impartial history of the war," and urging that the legislatures of the Southern states be petitioned to have adopted in the state schools "such histories as shall be indorsed by the association." There are plenty of absolutely impartial school histories of the United States now on the market. What that report really means is a history which shall laud the South to the skies, claim that secession was right, and make the reader wonder, if the Confederacy was so uniformly successful in battle, how Appomattox ever occurred.

It may interest some of the people who are worrying about the amount of mortgages in this country, to know, on the authority of Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has an article on the subject in the May number of the Forum, that more than 21 per cent of the mortgaged indebtedness is on real estate in and adjacent to New York city.

Hill smiles sardonically at the small-fry Democratic press when it tells him with the air of a Mentor that he has lost all chance of the Presidential nomination for 1896. He knows that no Democratic candidate can be elected President for years to come.

There are four state offices to fill at the Ohio election next November—Secretary of State, one judge of the Supreme Court, one member of the Board of Public Works, and state school commissioner.

Another issue of bonds is foreshadowed by the gold shipments. The Democratic idea of national financiering is to reduce the revenues, and then borrow money on interest to pay running expenses.

Wait until the women register. There will be the testing place when the young clerk asks "When were you born?"

Ex-President Harrison brushed a good deal of dust off his presidential boom at the Indiana Republican convention.

The Democratic party appears to desire an indefinite leave of absence from office without salary.

McKinley gave the watchword for 1896 when he said, "Protection must rule."

A SPLENDID NEW STORY,

Specially Written for The Blade—Brilliant, Dramatic and Exceptionally Interesting.

In pursuance of our policy of always furnishing Blade readers with THE BEST in the way of serials, we have made special arrangement with a noted English author, of the new generation of story-tellers which is just now rising in the literary world, to publish his newest and best story as a serial. It is

THE SWORD OF FATE

BY

HENRY HERMAN,

AUTHOR of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "A King in Bohemia," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," etc., etc.

JOINT AUTHOR of "The Silver King," "Claudian," "The Bishop's Bible," "One Traveler Returns," etc.

"The Sword of Fate" is an original novel written specially for serial publication in our columns, and will be commenced in a few weeks. The exact date will be announced later.

The opening chapters, which we have just received, are of great dramatic intensity, and the story as a

MR. HENRY HERMAN.

whole of extraordinary power. The author claims for it an unusual attractiveness. It is an expose of the unconventionality of fate. Various scenes are laid in the mining districts of England, in a criminal lunatic asylum, and in London, one of the latter dealing with the furore of a recent financial crisis, and the business of an outside stockbroker. The story is up-to-date, and will make a sensation.

WHAT MR. HERMAN THINKS OF HIS NEW STORY.

"You can say that I consider this story the best I have yet done, both in a literary and constructive sense.

"It is a story of which I am proud, and which will live."

SOME PRESS OPINIONS OF "HIS ANGEL," BY HENRY HERMAN.

LONDON TIMES—"His Angel," by Henry Herman, is a spirited, sensational American story, very much in the manner of Bret Harte.

NEW YORK HERALD—Mr. Herman is a most prolific writer, but so long as he writes such readable stories as are most of his books, he need fear no complaints. His latest novel is a story of American life, and much of the scene is laid in the West where civilization has yet to make its way. There is an abundance of incident in the story, and the reader's attention is never permitted to flag. The episode of a railway accident, with its attendant horror of fire, is particularly well told, and the verdict of the reader who finishes the book will be that it is one of the best that Mr. Herman has written.

SUNDAY SUN—Those who are very fond of a story rich in incident will do well to obtain Mr. Henry Herman's "His Angel." It is entertaining and healthy, and deals with a class of men and women more or less new to English fiction. The incident in the first chapter, where a baby girl watches her father as he hangs aloft, the victim of rough American Jedwood Justice, and wants "daddie to tome down," is distinctly touching.

BRECKINRIDGE.

In a letter written to a New Orleans gentleman, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge says: "I await with calmness the passing away of this storm, and the sober second thought of the people of America, who, while they will not condone, will yet not make me a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of every one else, and especially for their own."

Breckinridge thus betrays that peculiar bent of mind exhibited by those who form what penologists term the "criminal class." It is a notable fact that all criminals believe that the rest of mankind are just as bad as themselves, but have not been discovered. This is especially true of confirmed thieves, burglars, dead-beats, and, in fact, all those who commit crimes in cold blood—after due calculation and preparation. That Breckinridge exhibits this criminal peculiarity brands him at once in the opinion of all experts in criminal sociological problems as a man thoroughly bad, and unfitted for any position of trust or responsibility, not to speak of public station.

The telegraph brings the news that Breckinridge is circulating, by the thousands, a circular declaring that the verdict in the Pollard case was contrary to the evidence, and was only given because the charge of Judge Bradley was, it is alleged, unfair and wrong. The ignorant Bourbons of the backwoods of the district are stirred up by this already, and are preparing to burn Bradley in effigy. This circular is additional proof that Breckinridge is unfit for any public place. The fury would have given a verdict for Miss Pollard on the evidence alone, and any fair-minded man who read the report of the trial knows it. The decent men of the district, irrespective of party, should rise en masse to rebuke the hoary-headed old sinner, and vindicate America's manhood from his criminal aspersions.

The Odd Fellows are full of satisfaction over the successful celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of their organization in the United States, and are now looking forward to the year 1919, when they propose celebrating their centennial in magnificent style.

The ghost of the Morrison "horizontal reduction" tariff bill has risen in the Senate. It is reported that a compromise will be made and the bill be so fixed as to reduce the present duties about 30 per cent.

Senator Smith, of New Jersey, happily remarks that there are as many Democrats as ever in the country, but they are voting the Republican ticket nowadays.

Indiana Republicans intend to win a great victory this year.

HIS NAMESAKE.

Mother—I should like to name him after a great general, and I can't recall the name.

—Preacher (thoughtlessly)—Coxey?

THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

Coxey started the idea of "a petition with its boots on"—that is, of the petitioners presenting themselves in person, en masse, before Congress, to present a request—or more probably a demand—for certain legislation which they think they desire.

Does the right of petition cover such a movement?

It has been customary for single petitioners for some object within the power of one man to grant—such as the President of the United States or the governor of a state—to call in person to prefer the petition; and often they have been accompanied by friends. And it is frequent that a delegation, representing some particular purpose, calls upon the chief executive of the nation or of a state to present their case, to ask his action.

But there is a broad difference between a personal presentation of a petition or a request to the one man within whose official power it is to grant or reject it, and a similar act before a legislative body, whose action depends upon the individual votes of the members. We recall no instance in American history wherein a numerous body of people come as an organization to demand legislation.

Furthermore, while such a thing might be permitted to a committee of a few persons, there is a broad distinction between this and a body of hundreds or thousands. There is in the latter an element of intimidation, of physical force. By sheer force of numbers, the "petition with its boots on" becomes an organized threat. It hardly needs saying that a legislative body, composed of the representatives of the people, must be absolutely free to vote according to the views of the individual members. The remedy for failure to pass a measure is not brute force, the invasion of the legislative halls by a throng of petitioners, demanding that it be done, but through the ballot-box.

If a throng of several hundreds or thousands of men shall constrain Congress to pass a bill, the example will be followed at once by another crowd demanding something else, and this by another, and so on. The result of this is easily seen. Free government perishes at once. Mob law rules. A minority governs through threats and force, and the rule of the majority is abrogated.

The movement of the bands of men toward Washington is a peril to our free institutions. It must be stopped. Coxey wants a flood of greenbacks issued to build roads, and the issue of bonds without interest. The Kelly crowd, now marching through Iowa, want a law passed for the irrigation of arid lands. If the movement shall go on, within a week there will be other bands in motion, intent upon demanding something else. The thing must stop, and it must be stopped now. If it goes on, it means revolution—civil war, with bloodshed and ruin in its wake.

It is to be remembered that self-government by a free people is as yet an experiment in the world's history. No republic has ever maintained itself for centuries, as monarchies have. Our own has lasted over a century, but that by no means proves that it possesses the element of permanency. The danger now appears to be a diversity of aims and supposed interests between the section west of the Missouri river and the rest of the country. The movements of these armies means the use of force to compel legislation that certainly can not be the expression of the will of a majority of the whole people. They are a menace to the perpetuity of our government.

It is incorrect to charge Coxey with being the originator of the plan of marching an "army" down to Washington to overawe Congress. He is only an imitator. The man whose giant intellect first evolved the scheme was Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal. In the spring of 1877 he vehemently declared that he would "march an army of 100,000 Kentuckians" to the capital to inaugurate Samuel J. Tilden President of the United States. Coxey servilely copied the idea, even to the number—100,000. Give Watterson the honor—or the ignominy, whichever you prefer.

Great Britain no longer disguises her intention of gobbling up the Samoan islands. It is said that this will be done with the acquiescence of Germany and—to our shame be it said—of the United States. The latter, it is said in London, cares nothing who owns the islands "so that her rights under the Berlin treaty are maintained." Gresham is apparently quite as bad a failure in his foreign policy as he was on the United States circuit bench.

The Democratic party has always advanced as one of its stock objections to a protective tariff, that "it taxes the many for the benefit of the few." This is false, of course, but if the Democratic party believes that it is unjust "to tax the many of the few," is it not quite as unjust to tax the few for the benefit of the many? And does not an income tax do just that, without doubt?

The severest earthquake recorded for several years is that which has happened in Greece. That historic land was shaken up terribly, with great loss of life and widespread destruction of property.

THE LAST EDITION OF THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Up to the present time we have completed mailing 50,000 copies of the "Nasby Letters." We are now bringing out a sixth edition of 10,000 copies more, making 60,000 in all; and we have decided to print no more of it. While we have not reached the 100,000 copies we anticipated, on account of hard times the country is passing through, yet we feel that the book has been appreciated, and probably has had a larger circulation than any other volume brought out in the United States for the past twelve months.

We think the 10,000 now being printed will last us three months; and we call upon every reader of The Blade who has not yet arranged for a copy to lose no time, as after these are gone the book will be out of print. Those who have neglected to secure a copy when renewing their subscriptions can now secure one by each sending a new subscriber and one dollar, directing the Weekly Blade to be sent one year to the new subscriber, and the book to the remitter of the order. Those whose time expires during June and July can get a copy at the time they renew. Those whose time expires later than July should correspond with us, and make some arrangement to secure one before the last edition is exhausted.

TREASURY GOLD GOING.

The gold reserve in the Treasury is only $600,000 above the hundred million mark, and it will not be long before that line is again crossed for the second time during the present Democratic administration. At the end of January last the gold reserve reached its lowest point of $65,000,000. Then came the issue of $50,000,000 in bonds the sale of which brought it up to $107,390,000 on March 10. Since then it has been dwindling, and is now practically on the reserve line once more.

There is nothing abnormal in gold shipments at this season. The cause of disquietude is that the revenues of the government are not sufficient for its expenditures, and the gold reserve has now to be used, as it was used before, to meet the current expenses of the government. This loss of revenue is clearly the result of Democratic efforts to reduce the tariff. This is plain from the fact that the official Treasury report of our import trade for March showed a decrease of 45 per cent as compared with the same month one year ago, while the imports on the free list showed only about 5 per cent decrease. For the nine months of the fiscal year ending with March, the decrease in dutiable imports was 26 per cent, while that of free imports was only 14 per cent. The contrast shows conclusively that the loss of revenue is due to the Democratic warfare against protection.

The deficit now amounts to $63,000,000, and will be $70,000,000 by May 1. At that rate, it will not be long before the gold reserve will be so seriously trenched upon that fears will arise as to its adequacy for the purpose it was designed to serve—to be a fund for the redemption of government paper. It is now less than 24 per cent of the total volume of greenbacks, and less than 12 per cent of the entire mass of the government's paper circulation. We may be brought to face the ruin wrought by a depreciated and fluctuating currency, by the chronic incapacity of the Democratic Congress to comprehend primary financial facts, or to legislate intelligently on any monetary matter.

The Democrats of the United States Senate realize that if the patchwork they have made of the Wilson bill is ever to be passed, they must maintain a quorum of their own party. Senator Gorman, who is chairman of the Democratic "steering" committee, has sent urgent personal notes to all Democratic senators, urging them to be present at all times, to keep the party quorum intact. The Republicans declare they propose to debate the measure fully, show up its inconsistencies, and prove to the people of the United States that the Democrats are incapable of legislating with an eye single to the best interests of the whole country—which is an eminently proper thing to do.

The New York Evening Sun says of the income tax:

A homeless thing of shreds and patches,
Born without a name;
That fears to face the light of day
And hangs its head with shame.

A relic of a bygone age,
A tool of tyranny;
The harbinger of legal spies
And bloody anarchy.

An ugly idol, ill disguised,
A painted thing of wax
Dressed up in Democratic clothes—
And that's the Income Tax!

The new North Carolina Senator declares he is a "Chicago platform Democrat, as construed at the South." Now, if he will define the term so that some one can understand what it means, we will be able to find out where he is at.

The people of Breckinridge, Minnesota, have petitioned the department to change the name of their postoffice. The request is proper and reasonable, and should be granted.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. J. Helskill has just been reelected librarian of the Paola, Kas., public library for the fourteenth time.

The Duchess of Cleveland at the advanced age of 75 years is writing a historical study of the mysterious Kaspar Hauser.

Mrs. Amelia Barr, the novelist, says death is not worth dying "until life's lessons are all finished and a grave is well earned."

During the Queen's absence in Italy a new wing containing twenty bedrooms and two bathrooms will be added to Osborne House.

Miss Emma Ghent Curtis, editor of the Canon newspaper, has been appointed a commissioner for a boys' industrial school at Golden, Colo.

The German Empress and her children and their attendants have taken no fewer than forty rooms at the Southern Railway Hotel at Abbazzia.

Mrs. Newman of London is a businesswoman of tact and energy. She has long successfully conducted a large jewelry establishment in the English metropolis.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kingsbury, in discussing the question why women do not marry, says that the principal reason is because of the financial situation in which many wives are kept.

Mrs. William Betts, the new woman deputy United States marshal at Cincinnati, is the second woman to receive such an appointment. The first one is now in service in Oklahoma Territory.

All the students of the violoncello at present at the Royal Academy of Music in England are women. Women violin players have increased greatly in numbers in Europe of late years.

Miss Sarah S. Jacobs, who last week celebrated her 81st birthday, has been doing clerical work for more than thirty years at the city hall in Boston, and with an accuracy and fidelity none of the brethren could excel.

Miss Alberta Urman, daughter of one of the wealthiest Hebrews in Baltimore, is about to sail for Paris. It is announced, there to wed a rich young Egyptian whom she met in Cairo while making a tour of the world.

Mrs. Frances R. Stearns, of Harrisburg, Tex., and Miss M. Saunders, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, have received $200 each from the American Humane Education society as prizes for stories designed to promote kindness to animals.

Mrs. U. S. Grant will make her home with her sons and their families in San Diego. The lot on which her home stands, 200x137 feet, was extensively improved by the former owner, the mansion costing him $92,000. U. S. Grant, jr., got the whole for $35,000.

Mrs. Cleveland takes more outdoor exercise nowadays than she used to take. Until quite recently she was rarely seen in the park except in a carriage, but now she may be frequently observed out walking, attired very simply in modest costumes. She is said to be growing stout.

Queen Victoria has gone to Florence, and the members of her party of whom most has been said are her collie dog and her favorite donkey. Carriages for the use of the royal lady were taken along, but the horses were left behind. Not so with the pet donkey, who accompanies her Majesty on all of her tours.

Amelia C. Waite, president of the Mary Washington Memorial Association, in a circular to the women of this country asks for $25,000 to complete paying for and to inclose and maintain the fine monument at the home of Mary Washington, at Fredericksburg, Va., and makes the point that if every woman in this country bearing the name of Mary should contribute 10 or 25 cents the needed fund could readily be provided.

FEMININE GOSSIP.

The Duchess of Bedford is studying all the necessary subjects to qualify as a sanitary inspector.

The Friday Morning club of Los Angeles, Cal., numbers about 200 members, including some exceedingly able women.

Mrs. Terry, of Rome, Italy, the mother of F. Marion Crawford, is said to be the oldest American resident of the Eternal City.

The Woman's Literary club, of Baltimore, a flourishing organization of several years' standing, has been incorporated.

The widow of Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia, has given $5,000 to the University hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

In connection with the engagement of Mr. Asquith to Miss Margot Tennant, it is said that Mr. Asquith was refused the first time he proposed.

Mrs. Louise M. Taylor and 26 other women have been appointed on the list of canvassers for registering the women voters of Colorado.

Miss Corinne Blackburn, daughter of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, has sailed for Europe, and will spend the summer at Brussels with Minister and Mrs. Ewing.

Mrs. Jestin Pool, of Fallville, Mo., is 100 years old, and has been a church member for 80 years, and still walks one mile to church. Some of her children are nearly 80 years old.

The training school for domestics carried on by the Young Women's Christian association of Boston, has 44 graduates this year. The various classes have contained over 80 persons.

Miss Nellie Temple, a Vassar graduate of the class of '82, has recently been engaged in assisting Prof. Ratzel, of the University of Leipsic in a revision of his treatise on the United States.

Miss Harriet Adams, a daughter of Judge F. G. Adams, of Kansas, has graduated in surgery from the state medical college, and beat all the young men, taking first prize for the best commencement thesis examinations. On the whole, the Russian princess seems to be working.

King Oscar II. of Sweden, the handsomest and in many ways the cleverest occupant of a European throne at present, has announced his wish to write the memory of Gounod, which is highly praised by the critics of a country which has produced considering its size, an unusual number of gifted and famous men. King Oscar is a poet and a scientific scholar and is regarded as the most learned monarch in the world.

Marion Crawford's father set out in life as a wood carver and by a curious freak of fate he designed the handsome mantels in the house of his future father-in-law, Mr. Ward, in Bond street. Later in life, when he was a sculptor in Rome, he met Miss Louisa Ward, wooed her and soon married her. The novelist was born abroad. Considering the good English he writes it seems strange that he was not permitted to learn his native tongue until he had thoroughly acquired French.

THEIR NAMES IN PRINT.

Mrs. Lanstry is considered to be the finest woman fencer on the stage.

The Queen of Corea has a lady physician who gets a salary of $5,000 yearly.

There are nine Lutheran pastors in Greenland serving congregations numbering 16,000 members.

Cape May, N. J., takes its name from Cornilus Jacobus May, a navigator employed by the Dutch West India company.

Kossuth took a grim pride in his voluntary poverty. "These hands of mine," he once said, "are empty and clean."

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, is considered to be the handsomest man in the Senate, having a patrician face and clear cut features that remind one of Booth.

A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, has recovered from his protracted and dangerous illness, and is once more at work as editor of the Philadelphia Times. He has been kept from his desk most unwillingly nearly seven months.

Prince Oscar, second son of King Oscar of Sweden, who a few years ago renounced his rights to the throne in consequence of his marriage to Miss Ebba Munck, lady-in-wa

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

For a short time we shall omit The Blade Sewing Machine advertisement, in order to use the space for news matter, but we will continue to fill all orders. One of these machines and The weekly Blade one year for $18.

OUR WATCH OFFER WITHDRAWN.

We have discontinued the offer whereby we furnish watches, and hereby withdraw the offer. Do not send any more orders for watches, as we will not fill them. We shall probably, some time next fall, make a series of new offers, of an entirely different character, to those who may then desire watches; but until we make proper announcements, no watch orders should be sent us.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality, so far as appearances go, and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $15 to $35; but an American manufacturer has agreed to sell single coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand. The offer is limited to two col-

ors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches). Each coat is fifty-three inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid.

The dark blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering, care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inverness shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the arms, buttoning in front, and prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering, state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is

the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

Thousands of the BLADE WASHER have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We will send one of these machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of The Weekly Blade one year for only $5.00; or we will ship a machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for The Weekly Blade one year and $10, the entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA

And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

COMPLETE IN 10 HANDY VOLUMES. OVER 12,000 PAGES.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles giving pointed, practical, explicit and most instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, inpaper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about thirteen pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of The Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

3. Diana or Christ?
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Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, We will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

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MRS. KIDDER MAKES A POINT.

"The industrial army movement is increasing rapidly," said Mr. Kidder to his wife, as he sat on the portico with her, enjoying his cigar, the evening being warm and balmy.

"Oh, that reminds me, Charlie!" replied Mrs. Kidder, "you know you were talking the other evening about Mr. Coxey and his commonweal. I thought he was down in Maryland somewhere?"

"So he is, Mattie, on his way to Washington. What made you think he was not?"

"Why, I've just been reading in The Blade to-night about a crowd of Coxey men somewhere out in Iowa, and some more out in Colorado, and more out in Washington, and yet another parcel of men camped in a barn in Connecticut. And yesterday I read of a whole lot of them being arrested for something up in Montana. Why don't Mr. Coxey keep them all together?"

"Why, none of those you mention are Coxey's men, my dear. They are under other leaders."

"Is that so? Isn't that funny? If they are not Mr. Coxey's people, what are they?"

"They call themselves 'industrial armies,' and there never was a worse misnomer," answered Mr. Kidder, savagely. "The only industry they have shown thus far has been in trying to get free rides."

"I see that Mr. Cleveland is worried about their coming, too," Mrs. Kidder went on. "I don't see why. They don't want to hurt him, do they?"

"Mattie, why can't you understand this matter? Don't you realize that the presence of thousands of these men, asking for legislation Congress can not possibly grant—men who must be fed on charity, and who will stay as long as that charity is extended—is a menace to the government?"

"Don't they call themselves 'the army of peace?'" returned Mrs. Kidder, with spirit. "Of course they wouldn't resort to violence with such a name."

"Coxey calls his Falstaffian squad of tatterdemalions by that name," answered Mr. Kidder, "but these Western crowds are free to threaten what they will do if Congress does not listen to them."

"Well, Charlie, I don't seem to understand it quite. What are these men going to do, really?"

"I have told you they will ask Congress to pass idiotic and impossible bills."

"Yes, you have told me what Mr. Coxey wants. But what are these men from the West after?"

"They demand that Congress shall furnish work for the unemployed men in the country."

"Why, Charlie, that will be just splendid! You have been lamenting that business is so dull, because the working people have no money to buy with. That will make business brisk again, won't it, dear?"

"Stop there, Martha! Of course, Congress will do no such thing. It is not in its place to furnish work for the unemployed."

"Then you have changed your mind since yesterday," retorted his wife, tossing her head, "for didn't I hear you telling Dr. Cupples that if Congress would just amend the Wilson bill by adopting the McKinley law as a substitute, all the mills, and furnaces, and so on, would start right up, and everybody go to work? I'd like to know if Congress wouldn't then be furnishing work for the unemployed? There now, Mr. Charlie!" And she lifted her finger archly.

"No, no, Mattie; you misunderstood, my dear! That would of course give work to the masses, but—"

"No, I don't misunderstand, Charlie! It's just this way: If Congress by doing what you said could give work to the people, how can you say that the government can't furnish employment to idle men?"

"There is a distinction there you fail to observe," remonstrated Mr. Kidder. "Can't you see that it is one thing for Congress to pass a law which would justify employers in setting men to work, because it would assure them against possible loss; and quite another thing for Congress to attempt to furnish work direct to the unemployed?"

"There may be to a man, Charlie," returned Mrs. Kidder, nodding her head sagely, "especially if he were a Philadelphia lawyer. But I'm only a woman, and it looks to me like the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. There's 'tweedle' to both of them."

"But can't you see," exclaimed her husband, imperiously, "that in the one case it's the ordinary employers of labor, and in the other the government itself?"

"Well, what difference can that make?" returned she, with spirit. "In either case the men get work, don't they? And Congress does it by law, whichever way it goes. I think you must be a little stupid to-night, Charlie—I really do!"

"Nonsense, Mattie! If either of us is stupid on this point, it certainly is not myself. Now let me explain. You see, in the one case—"

"You've said all that before, Charlie, and I've shown you there is no real difference. Why do you persist in being so stubborn? If you would be frank with me, you would admit I am right, and that there's not the slightest difference in reality!"

Mr. Kidder flung his cigar stump into the rose-bush, and remarking that he really had forgotten an engagement with Dr. Cupples, seized his hat and walked hastily down street.

Mrs. Kidder watched his retreating form till he turned the corner. "Of couse, Charlie was right about it," she soliloquized, "but I just wasn't going to admit that I was wrong. Once in a while it's a good thing to talk Charlie down, just to keep the dear fellow from having to put his hat on the morning with a shoe-horn!"

S. S. K.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE.

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little shoe upon the floor,
A little frock behind the door,
A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil slate and rule,
A little winsome, blithsome maid,
A little hand within his laid—
That is where he got married—
A little family gathering round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound—
That is where the child died—
A little cottage and acres four,
A little old-time fashioned store,
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from hardest toil,
A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and an easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb—
That is what life is.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

London's Jewel Workers.

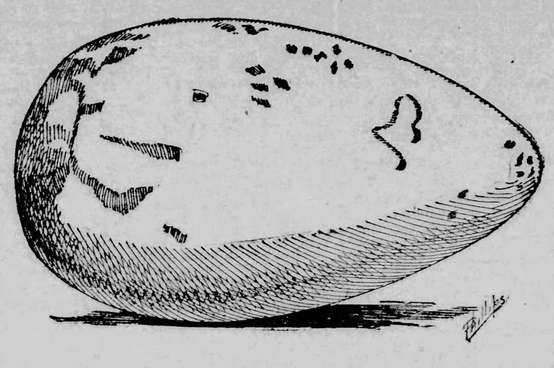
At the annual meeting of the London Society of Goldsmiths and Jewellers it was reported that there are in the trade in London 140 shops, with 1,426 males engaged in the manufacture of jewelry. These divided into various branches give goldsmiths, 559; diamond mounters, 322; setters, 117; polishers, 115; chain makers, 63; apprentices, 20.

Trouble With His Eyes.

"Easygo seems to be having serious trouble with his eyes."

"Did he fail to recognize you?"

"No; but he passed a 'fresh paint' sign without touching it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



THIS IS NO EASTER EGG

NOR, THOUGH IT SOLD FOR 300 GUINEAS, IS IT A GUINEA EGG.

It is an Egg of the Great Auk, and It is Worth Many Hundred Times Its Weight in Gold.

Three hundred guineas, says London Black and White, appears a heavy price for an empty eggshell, but the wonder lessens when we learn that but sixty-eight eggs of the great auk exist and that no more will ever be laid. The unwieldy bird lost his battle for existence about 50 years ago, and though once so common in Iceland, Shetland, and Newfoundland that he formed an important staple of diet for the sailors and fishermen, he has now succumbed to civilization and become extinct as the dodo or the flying lizards of old time. The specimen sold Thursday last, of which we give a likeness, has a history, like most famous curiosities. It belonged early in the century to Yarrell, the famous ornithologist, who purchased it from a Boulogne fisherman for two francs. On Yarrell's death in 1856 the egg was sold for 20 guineas to the late F. Bond of Staines, who, in 1875, sold it to Baron Louis d'Hamonville of Meurthe, France, who consigned it to the auctioneer. From two francs to 300 guineas is a wide jump, and it is easily conceivable that the egg will some day fetch four figures—if it holds together long enough. The egg is white, with dark brown markings in some places so intense that they appear black.

THE RAZOR-TOE SHOE

Is One of the Latest Novelties in Ladies' Footgear.

Razor toes stamp a woman as stylish this season, or at least stamp her shoes as such, which amounts to about the same thing.

The razor toe is an intensified Piccadilly, and is seen on all the newest footwear, which just now takes the form of low shoes and ties. The most effective thing in the first is the Columbia buttoned, which is illustrated herewith. It is provided with a tongue, like all ties, but instead of lacing like these, it buttons on the side after the manner of

THE COLUMBIA BUTTONED.

high boots. It is made with a patent leather vamp and basket cloth top, and is intended for dressy street wear. It also comes in tan leather for the morning and country.

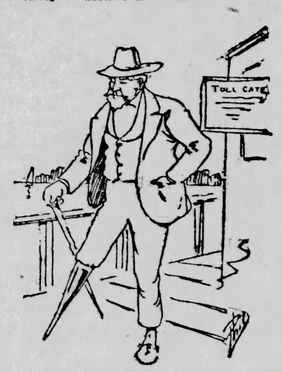
Low shoes will enjoy quite as much popularity this summer as they have for some years past; in fact, they have altogether superseded high ones for all occasions. When in black they must have a touch of patent leather about them, if not the entire vamp, at least the tip and trimmings must be of this.

HE PLAYED IN HARD LUCK.

One-Legged Pennsylvania Man Who Spent a Fortune in Tolls.

Speaking of bridges.

One time there was a one-legged man who lived in Kittanning, Pa., says a truthful story teller in the Chicago Herald, and who had a fairly comfortably situated married sister



ONE TIME THERE WAS A ONE-LEGGED MAN.

across the river in Williamsburg. He had lived along the rivers of Pennsylvania all his life, and had worked at the modest but honorable occupation of shoemaker, but who had in every instance had some tie on the farther side of the river which drew him over the bridge evenings and Sundays and holidays.

Of course in Pennsylvania all the bridges are toll bridges, and even foot passengers are required to contribute at least 2 cents every time they cross.

This shoemaker had observed that a large number of men in the humbler walks of life wore one leg instead of two, as was the case in other states. Indeed, he was quite consoled with his loss by the reflection that peg-legged men were quite the fashion.

One evening he started across the bridge as usual, and when he came to the toll-taker's lodge in the center he stumped over the roadway, dropped his little fee and went on.

"Funny thing," he mused. "I never paid my toll yet but I had to walk across the roadway to the toll-taker. My path seems to be always on the wrong side of the bridge. I should think now and then a toll-taker's office should be on my side of the bridge.

But he went on, visited his sister and started back. On the return trip he met another peg-legged man going over to Kittanning and the two walked together. When they came to the lodge the shoemaker fished up two pennies and started across the dusty roadway.

"Where you going?" asked the other peg-legged man, halting and looking curiously at his companion.

"Going to pay toll"

"Why, you don't have to:"

"What?"

"You don't have to. One-legged men don't have to pay toll in Pennsylvania. The law always exempts them. It is only able-bodied men who pay toll:"

The shoemaker looked long and earnestly at the wise man; then concluded he would try it. He walked past the lodge, watched the keeper, saw a grin spread over that pig-iron face and then burst out:

"And I have been paying toll on this bridge for the past four years, four times a week! Jerusalem, what a fool I've been!"

"Yes," agreed his companion.

"And what is worse," he resumed mournfully, "is that I have always been on the wrong walk and have had to cross over."

"Yes, you're in hard luck."

But that didn't console him. Nothing did. He kicked himself all the way to Kittanning with his peg leg. He took daily trips to his sister's home. He found rooms in Williamsburg and board in Kittanning—made the trip six times a day. He went over and back whenever he had time, just to even things up. But he never could, to the day of his death, get back the money he had needlessly played against a Pennsylvania toll bridge.

There's hard luck for you.

Cycles for German Infantry.

Every infantry and rifle battalion in the Prussian army is, on April 1, to receive a certain number of cycles, which are henceforth to form a regular branch of the service.—London Standard.

SOMETIMES.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgment here had spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some one we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach the face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that length of breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: "God knew the best."

—Boston Journal.

BUYING KISSES.

Scene at a Philadelphia Church Fair.

Speaking characters—Miss Rose Bud, of Philadelphia; Mr. Jack Coupon, of New York.

Thinking parts—Miss Autumn Leaf, Dobson.

Miss Rose Bud—Now, Mr. Coupon, what are you going to buy at my table? We have home-made doughnuts, wash-cloths, tidies and aprons. I am sure you want some of each.

Mr. Coupon—Oh, thanks, awfully; have you any kisses for sale?

Miss R. B.—Certainly; $5 each; how many will you have?

Mr. J. C. (handing out the money)—I'll take two, good measure, please.

Miss R. B. (with a seraphic smile)—Oh, yes, we are particular about that. Miss Autumn Leaf, will you deliver two kisses to Mr. Coupon.

(Miss Autumn Leaf is 40 in the shade, paralyzingly ugly, and lives in Camden.)

Mr. J. C.—You are more than kind. Dobson (turning to his colored valet who is carrying his parcels) just take this purchase from Miss Autumn Leaf.

CURTAIN.

The moral of this little drama is, that the fin de siecle young man from New York rarely gets left, even at a Philadelphia church fair.—Life.

A Football Education.

"Why, why, Johnnie," said the elderly tourist to a cowpuncher he had known in other days, "what in the world are you doing out here in this wild country, wasting the college education your father paid so much for?"

"Wasting my education! Why, man, that's all you know about it. Wait till the camp declares a general drunk and watch me clean out the whole outfit. This is the only place where I can really utilize it."—Life.

—No other medicine has equalled Hood's Sarsaparilla in the relief it gives in severe cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, etc.

They Never Have Birthdays.

It is a point of honor that Moorish women never know their own birthdays. They have no birthday celebrations.—Boston Herald.

It's Always That Way.

Even primitive man thought he knew it all.—Galveston News.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROCKIES.

They Contain the Grandest Scenery and the Most Famous Gold Camp in the World.

The richest, the grandest, most awe-inspiring range of mountains in the known world is the Rocky mountain range, extending entirely across and beyond the state of Colorado. Grand old Pike's Peak, at the foot of which is situated the marvelous Cripple Creek gold camp is here. That great national illustrated weekly family paper, the Rocky Mountain Sentinel, published at Denver, Colo., (established 1887), illustrates this grand scenery each week and tells all about the wonderful West; also true stories of love and adventure. This big weekly, containing eight large pages, forty-eight long columns, will be sent on trial three months (13 weeks) for only ten two-cent stamps. Handsome solid gold rings set with brilliant Rocky Mountain gems are given free as premiums. Address as above and mention The Blade when you write.

FAMOUS MEN WHO FOUGHT FOR THE LOST CAUSE.

A Long List and a Brilliant One—Gens. J. B. Kershaw, Fitzhugh Lee, and Others Among the Number.

Judging by the surviving leaders of both, it would seem that the Confederates had many more general officers than the Union side. The number of Union troops enrolled from 1861 to 1865, many of whom, of course, were reinlistments, was 2,772,000, while the Confederates, all told, had less than 700,000. There are living to-day 51 generals of the regular army, active or retired, and 148 major and brigadier generals of volunteers. If the officers on both sides were proportioned to the troops, we should expect to have living now about one-fourth the number of general officers South that there are surviving of the Union army. As a matter of fact, there are, all told, 199 surviving Union generals, and 150 Confederates, which would go to show, other things being equal, that the number of general officers in the Southern army was four times that of their opponents.

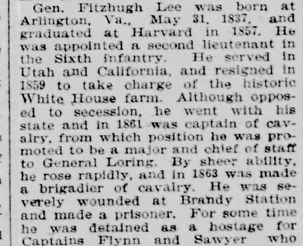
Gen. Joseph Brevard Kershaw was born in Camden, S. C., where he now resides, in January, 1822. He was admitted to the bar in 1843. Being a staunch states rights man he was a member of the state convention of 1860, that voted South Carolina out of the Union. When the war broke out he became colonel of the Second South Carolina infantry, which regiment he commanded at the first Bull Run. He was made brigadier general early in 1862, and commanded a brigade in McLaws' division during the Peninsula campaign. He, more than any man in either army, seemed destined to lead the most desperate assaults of the war. Attached to Longstreet's corps, Kershaw's brigade was in the advance in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, where he left one-half his men on the field, but succeeded in gaining his own lines with the rest. Again, Kershaw's brigade led the fierce charge of Longstreet's men in the desperate assault made on Thomas's position the last day at Chickamauga. From Chattanooga, Longstreet's corps was sent to attack Burnside in East Tennessee; here again Kershaw led the bloody attack on Fort Saunders. He was repulsed with terrible loss, but the gallantry there displayed by his brigade won the applause of his opponents. General Kershaw was captured at Sailor's Creek, a few days

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

before the surrender of Lee, and was imprisoned a short time at Fort Lafayette. On his release he returned to Camden, and resumed the practice of law. He is at present judge of the fifth circuit of his native state.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was born at Arlington, Va., May 31, 1837, and graduated at Harvard in 1857. He was appointed a second lieutenant in the Sixth infantry. He served in Utah and California, and resigned in 1859 to take charge of the historic White House farm. Although opposed to secession, he went with his state and in 1861 was captain of cavalry, from which position he was promoted to be a major and chief of staff to General Loring. By sheer ability, he rose rapidly, and in 1863 was made a brigadier of cavalry. He was severely wounded at Brandy Station and made a prisoner. For some time he was detained as a hostage for Captains Flynn and Sawyer who were condemned to death in Libby prison.

Gen. William Mahone, now a resident of Petersburg, Va., was born in Southampton county, Virginia, in 1825, and educated at the Lexington Military institute. From '47 to the beginning of the war Gen. Mahone was employed as a civil engineer, the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad being his work. When his state seceded and war was inevitable, he raised and commanded the Sixth Virginia, and from that time on, he became a prominent figure in all the campaigns of Northern Virginia. In '64 he was made major general, and in repelling Burnside's assault after the mine, he was styled the "Hero of the Crater." He surrendered with Lee; at once took up his old calling of engineering, and was soon made the president of the Norfolk and Tennessee railroad. Gen. Mahone has shown great independence in politics. He was leader of the readjuster party in Virginia, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1880. He was defeated for re-election in '87, since which time he has allied himself with the Republican party, so making himself unpopu-



GEN. LONGSTREET IN WAR TIME.

lar with the people of the South, whose prejudices very naturally survived the war. Gen. Grant made Longstreet surveyor of the port of New Orleans, and President Hayes subsequently sent him as minister to Turkey.

ROLLICKING BLADES.

The Barber Came Back.

"Oh, where have you been getting shaved of late?"
The insolent sneering barber inquired
As he passed his hand in a critical way
O'er the face of the man till it made him tired.

"Where have I been getting shaved of late?"
The customer echoed with laugh that was hoarse.
"What a very ridiculous question to ask!
I've been getting shaved on my face, of course."

"I thought so, indeed, upon my soul,"
Said the barber, turning the joke like a flash;
"But we don't give credit here, understand,
And will give you a better job for cash."

And then, to prevent any further remark
From the customer, either witty or wise,
He quickly lathered the face of the man
From his adam's-apple clear to his eyes.

A Race Question.

"In speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Fleigh, why do you speak of him as the better half?"

"Because he attends the races, and all such men are bettors," said Roysterling Blade.

Wheels and Wheels.

"The man with wheels in his head never goes round in cog," said Scintillating Blade.

"No?" queried Damascus Blade, elevating his eyebrows.

"Sure. The wheels are not cogwheels."

"I don't know about that. How about Coxey's great Unknown?"

Making Free With the Language.

"You wish five dollars for the translation we printed last week?" roared the editor. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, sir," said the spring poet, running his fingers through his ample locks, "that strikes me as a very reasonable figure."

"But you yourself wrote beneath the heading, just before your own name, 'A free translation.'"

"But that meant that it was translated with a certain amount of freedom from the author's style."

"Oh, well, you will do well to translate yourself with a certain amount of freedom from your present style to the street, or I shall not be answerable for the consequences, especially as our usual variety in style lacks an obituary to make it complete."

A Bad Lot.

"Jay Gould must have known his children pretty well," said Damascus Blade.

"Why so?" asked the base-ball reporter.

"By the terms of the will he made, it seems that no member of the family could marry without the consent of all the others."

"Well, he had the example of George before him constantly," said Scintillating Blade.

Not a Blind Bridle.

"Funny about Governor Waite, of Colorado."

"How so?"

"Why, you remember he said he would ride through the streets of Denver in blood up to the bridles?"

"Yes."

"Well, he bridled himself just before blood-letting was ready to begin."

Similia Similibus Curantur.

"What did they put you at in state's prison?"

"Pounding stone."

"What was the crime which sent you there?"

"Pounding Stone. I pounded him till he died."

"Oh!"

Her Age Marked Down.

"The woman of the past is dead," Maud Banks in a recent interview said. That so? We thought she'd renewed her youth,
By changing her forty-five years, forsooth,
To twenty-seven, and skipping along
Through another life of worry and song.

Other Low-Cussed Things.

"This is the year when the seventeen-year locusts are due," said the cheerful caller in the editorial rooms.

"Yes?" said Jack Knife Blade, spearing a spring poem on the hook to hold till spring really arrives. "Well, we have the proposed Wilson bill, Democratic prospects, and Coxey's army instead. The seventeen-year locusts are not a flea-bite compared with them."

Method in His Madness.

"Where are you going with that bomb?" asked the Paris gensdarme.

"To the opera house."

"To explode it?"

"Sure."

"And kill hundreds of people?"

"I suppose a great many people will be killed, but that will be merely incidental."

"What, then, is your object in exploding it there?"

"Because they are doing one of Wagner's operas, and there isn't enough robust music in Paris to give proper expression to one of his bursts of musical declamation."

FASHIONABLE FADS.

Antelope skin is the latest novelty for tailormade waistcoats.

The new tennis flannels have thin silk lines on the surface, and include pretty checks and plain colors.

Large brown velvet roses, black velvet oxeyed daisies, with yellow hearts, and black velvet violets are the latest novelties in millinery.

Pongee silk in its natural ecru shade is used for shirt waists, which are made very simply with turnover collars and cuffs and bishop sleeves. The really "smart" shirt is made of colored chambry, with white linen collars and cuffs.

The incongruous combination of pique and velvet would never occur to any one but a French modiste, to whom all things in the dressmakers' art are possible. But a white pique skirt and a mouse-colored velvet vest over a plastron of white chiffon, strapped across with blue-watered ribbon, is one of the freaks of French fashion. Fine butter-colored Swiss muslin, embroidered in open-work design, and made over rose pink silk, has a very Frenchy air.

The fancy for wearing jewelry is growing apace, and long watch chains are becoming popular again. If the lovely jewelled ones are beyond the limit of price, then the old-fashioned gold ones which have been in oblivion for years may be brought out for duty. It is not at all necessary that there should be a watch at the end of the chain, for the utility element is a minor consideration. A brooch fastens it at the neck, and it may be festooned lower down and lose itself in the trimming of the dress, suggesting a dainty little watch tucked away in the folds.

HAPPENED ON FRIDAY.

Lee surrendered on Friday.
Moscow was burned on Friday.
Washington was born on Friday.
Shakespeare was born on Friday.
America was discovered on Friday.
Richmond was evacuated on Friday.
The Bastile was destroyed on Friday.
Queen Victoria was married on Friday.
Fort Sumter was bombarded on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday.
Julius Caesar was assinated on Friday.
The Mayflower pilgrims landed on Friday.
The battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday.
Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.

Colored Doctors.

Colored physicians of Baltimore, with a number of other people, have formed an association to erect a hospital for that race, and they are in hopes that it will be the nucleus of a colored college of medicine.—Baltimore American.

A Two-Ton Nugget.

A wonderful nugget of tin has been discovered in the mines of North Dundas, Tasmania. It is estimated to weigh 5,400 pounds. The assay of a small piece shows that the large mass of ore contains 67 per cent of metallic tin.—Virginia Record.

The blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $5 razor. The handle is metal, representing stag; the weight is 3½ ounces only. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl; a good garden or kitchen knife for the mother and on the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

THIS SEASON'S PARASOLS

THEY ARE MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER, BUT VERY PRETTY.

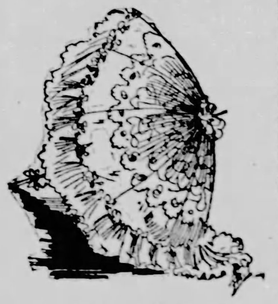
Description of Some of the Most Dainty Creations of Silk and Lace —Latest Novelties From Abroad.

Woman's staunchest friend, the parasol, has blossomed forth in unusual beauty this season. Never has there been such a bewildering variety to tempt all sorts of extravagances. There must be one for the long, delightful coaching trips into the country, and the pretty new changeable silk coaching parasol is just the thing. This year it is made with a slender handle tipped with a tiny gold ball, so that the

SOME OF THE NEWEST.

slim little affair, when rolled, is scarcely larger or heavier than an ordinary cane. A sun umbrella is indispensable to carry with the dark outing dress, for the fluff of chiffon and lace is a little incongruous with a very stiff collar, a neat little satin tie, and a trim coat and vest. The little black and white check, or small brown and white plaids, with Dresden bundle to match in color, are first favorites; then come the ever popular blues, browns and reds, with either Dresden or natural wood handles.

One must have at least one of those ravishing affairs with which to bewilder the senses of the sterner sex. What shall be chosen from that heap of ribbons and flowers and lace? An exquisite one, that can be carried with any gown, is of white chiffon, trimmed with bunches of tiny white and green blossoms—such a cool, refreshing bit of fluff. An elegant but more sombre one is of black moire, with a deep band of heavy cream lace around the edge. The



A RAVISHING CONCOCTION.

handle is jetted the entire length. The jetted handles are popular this season with all colors. It makes a stunning combination with a bright yellow moire shade, and is extremely chic for madame with one of plain black moire.

An unusually dainty parasol has a deep frill of white lace fastened at the top by a big bunch of violets and white satin baby ribbon and falling half way down the figured satin foundation. It is edged with a deep flounce of the lace, headed by a wreath of violets and the baby ribbon. Another bunch of flowers and ribbon adorns the plain white handle.

An elegant affair is of black moire, cut in deep points, the opening being filled in by black Chantilly lace of Spanish design, which falls below the points. One of white chiffon has a touch of character in the little black figure dotted over it. Another of yellow has a black point d'esprit laid over the center, white yellow chiffon billows over the edge and up the center in fluffy points. The handle is of black and gold.

One of the most expensive productions of the year is a parasol of white satin, embroidered in delicate colors, gold and pearls in an elaborate design. The handle is of richly carved

OF WHITE SATIN AND IVORY.

ivory. It can hardly be called effective, however, as the beauty of embroidery and carving only show on close inspection.

A useful and economical novelty is the white lace cover made of full ruffles of point d'esprit, which can be adjusted to a last year's frame. Shades of shirred organdies with the delicate chine flowers are charming in effect as the sunlight sifts through them.

The shape is still dome and medium size. Handles are of endless variety, wood, jet, ivory, china, tortoise shell and amber. Some very costly ones are of tortoise shell, with a floral spray or a monogram in diamonds secured to them. Metal handles are unsuitable on account of the light gloves worn by women.

AT EVENING.

Below her in the valley farm
She heard rude mirth;
The pasture, lessened to a line,
Was heaven as much as earth.

The fiddle poured a dancing tune
That called her feet; and oh!
Her heart was hungry for the lad
She danced with long ago!
—Norma Gale, in Orchard Songs.

Do You Want to Swap?

If you have something you don't want and some other fellow has something you do want, make him an offer for it through to-morrow's Blade, through the "Too Late to Classify" want columns.

Bloodthirsty Relics.

Rusty pistols, knives, beads, coins and other relics and curios have been unearthed on Bush prairie, near Olympia, Wash., where many Indians of early days were laid in their last resting place.—Pittsburg Post.

Obvious.

"If that young man comes this evening, I suppose I'll be turned down," remarked the gaslight gloomily.

"And if it rains he'll certainly use me up," commented the umbrella from the hallway, in a hollow voice.—Truth.

Bad Man.

Sometimes a man can't help thinking that a homely girl should never have her picture taken and that a pretty girl should never do anything else.—Atchison Globe.

Sights and Scenes OF THE WORLD.

To save space, we omit the full announcements. Below we print coupon No. 4. Any subscriber to The Blade who will cut out the coupon below, and mail it to us, with $1 and the name of a NEW subscriber, will receive for his trouble in getting the new subscriber the four parts named of that splendid art work, "Sights and Scenes of the World."

Sights and Scenes of the World.

COUPON No. 4.

Good for Part 13, Part 14, Part 15 and Part 16, of the Portfolio Series, "Sights and Scenes of the World," when cut from this paper, and enclosed to The Blade," Toledo, Ohio, with ONE DOLLAR and the name and address of a NEW subscriber to the Weekly Blade. The new subscriber will receive a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, and a copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters," and the old subscriber who makes the remittance and encloses this coupon will receive from us, by mail, postpaid, the four Portfolio parts as mentioned above. THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

INVALID LADIES FREE [illegible] remedy, that cured me after a great many years of suffering, of [illegible] Nervousness, Sleeplessness, etc. I will send it FREE to ladies, with full directions how to use it. Address in strictest confidence, Mrs. E. MARSHALL, Newark, N. J.

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EGGS from 11 varieties Thoroughbred Fowls, Canadian Geese, Pheasants, Pekin Ducks, Pigeons, Canary Birds, Poultry Yards, Edgewater, Pa.

PHOTOS [illegible]

A FEW JOKELETS.

Oddly enough, the homeliest of old maids are generally girls who were matchless in their youth.—Buffalo Courier.

Sunday School Teacher—Charley, what will happen to the man who attends to his body at the expense of his soul?

Charley—He'll get fat.—Hallo.

Her hat she trimmed with wings and things,
Birds, buds and ribbons piled upon it;
Her husband said, with ghoulish glee:
"Don't get a bee now in your bonnet!"
—New York Recorder.

Jack—Did you ever see a woman killed in cold blood?

Tom—Yes; she was from Boston.—Free Press.

It is odd but true that one can best judge of a woman's carriage when she is walking.—Buffalo Courier.

"Few men are perfect," remarked the Manayunk philosopher, "except the perfect fools."—Philadelphia Record.

They soon will cl

SPRING SONG.

Sing me a song of the early Spring,
Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning
In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
Were hepaticas tremble in starry groups,
Of the violets swinging their golden bells
As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,
Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,
Of the trolling rapture the robin wakes
On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,
Of the vivid Maryland's yellow throat,
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift
From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the crystal cage
Where the tender plants in the frames are set,
Where kneels my love Armitage
Planting the pleasant mignonette.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,
Of the misty air and the crocus light,
Of the new moon following a silver star
Through the early night.
—Duncan Campbell Scott, in Scribner's.

HOME TALKS.

GREETING TO A VOICELESS, YET ELOQUENT FRIEND.

The Beautiful Elm Tree Waking From Slumber to the Life of Action—What It is Saying.

My beautiful elm tree!

Mine only in the sense that all loveliness, all grace, all that speaks of the glory and strength of the all pervading Life belongs to everybody; that the right and title to their exclusive enjoyment cannot be bought away with money when, as in this case, they are centered in what all the vigor of man's intellect cannot produce, but which is rooted in the earth and blossoming toward the skies—God's gift to all of his children—mine but in this sense, and yet the source of the keenest enjoyment through all the waking hours from spring to spring again!

My beautiful elm tree!

Over its bare limbs is already becoming visible to my watchful eyes a soft, delicate veil of green, yet so shadowy as not to hide the fret-work made by the interlacing twigs and their mother branches against the blue sky, but whispering to me of the beauty soon to come when the summer's glory shall be here!

Pulsing all through its stately form is the life blood to which the earth's beating heart, aroused to action by the warm sunshine, gives impetus, and soon the desire to express its overflowing gladness for the opportunity to live, to grow, to become, will push forth its thousands of tiny leaves into a larger growth that will crown it with so wonderful a beauty.

Do you mock me that I speak of a tree's desire to make utterance in its own best way of its gratitude for the gift of a life that may expand into a broader one, meaning infinitely more to itself and the world? How do you, more than I, know how much of consciousness there may be in that magnificent elm which stretches upward towards the heaven, an emblem, if nothing more, of an effort to reach loftier heights and purer atmospheres? In working on and on through the ages, following that evolutionary law of progress to higher and higher planes, who of human intelligence can measure the stage of knowing and feeling to which the life of that tree has arrived?

Well, setting all of that thought away, although to me it means much, my beautiful elm tree teaches me many lessons of strength and hopefulness. Its quiet resting when hardly a bough moves soothes me, if worn and anxious, into peacefulness. Its fierce resistance to the tempest beating it, hardly bending to the wind which I have seen attack it with the fury of ten thousand demons, rouses me, as a battle cry, to faith in the power of the good and its ultimate triumph over the selfishness that causes all the misery of humanity. Its spring-time renewal of its summer robes of beauty says that we have no right to neglect the bodies given to us to be used as instruments of accomplishment. The soft rustle of its leaves, when they seem whispering love words each to the other, speaks of the good will and harmony which should reign everywhere among all peoples, and which should characterize my own individual thoughts and actions. O, a wonderful teacher is my beautiful elm tree!

Yesterday I came home from my work weary and dispirited—dispirited because it seemed to me that things were all out of joint everywhere, and it was hard to tell what of ill might not be in store for the nation. We may smile at the accounts of the marching of Coxey's army; we may read with indifference of Kelly's industrial troop in Omaha and the disturbances in that city; of the hundreds here and the fifties there whose watchword is "On to Washington," and may laugh at the absurdity of what they propose to do, but all the same the movement is growing to bear a deeper meaning than on the surface seems possible; it is coming to have a significance which is a menace to law and order in the nation's capital. And then the great strikes that are holding their thousands of workers in idleness!

I thought as I read the papers of how present conditions presented problems that our boasted republican institutions had, so far, found it impossible to grapple with successfully, and what would be the outcome of it all. Ridiculous as it may seem, for the hour the burden of it all rested upon my woman's shoulders, and I could not lift it away.

It was not until I reached home, and, from my study window, looked forth into the beautiful elm tree that stood so grand, so stately and so immovable, with its misty drapery just defining itself to the eye, that sunshine came once more into my soul. After all, I thought, there is a law of harmonious development of which this tree is an example, that runs through all things, and it is no law of chance, but one of order and logical sequence, the motive power of execution being love and justice, the two in one. There may be troublous times; disorder may, for a season, run riot over the land, but it is a test of the nation's integrity, and if, as with an individual, it is wise enough to seek persistently the right,—which is the highest good of the whole people,—and to stand steadfast like my stately tree, the end will be, must be, well—must make for final advancement.

Sophonisba, to whom, in a moment of aberration I ventured to read what I have written above, remarked that she herself thought the elm tree very beautiful, but there was such a thing as allowing the imagination to cavort around a thing like that, until its importance to one's happiness grew out of all proportion to what it should bear in reality. "If," she said, "you are going to make it both your mentor and your consoler, think of what a shock it would be to you, should some one become the owner of that land, who would cut the tree down as ruthlessly as people have cut other trees away, without any thought of its beauty or of your feelings."

Her words took my breath away. What! Cut that beautiful, glorious creature down, laying its magnificence low, that thing of life which it has taken years upon years to bring to such perfection! None but a barbarian would do that. And yet Sophonisba has planted a thought of fear which it will take all of the philosophy that I can employ to hold in abevance. For I know that there are those who make it their mission in life to destroy, to tear down, whatever does not appeal to them individually, and the dear old elm may fall into the hands of just such an iconoclast. With the glittering axe, blow after blow may be struck until the head of this mighty monarch of the vore-time forest will be prone upon Mother Earth, its life blood ebbing away, so that it can never rise again. When that hour comes, may my good angels grant me that I be not there to see or hear.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Remarks Concerning the Merits of "Jacks-At-All-Trades."

There is a certain class of people who are so often slightingly spoken of, that I am moved to take up the cudgels in their behalf. I refer to those of whom their relatives say halfpityingly, half-reproachfully:

"He is a regular Jack-at-all-trades, and master of none, poor fellow."

Now I claim that nine times out of ten, these same 'poor fellows' are of more use in the world than the 'masters,' and here is my reason for it.

If a man—or woman—has a special gift for any kind of work, be it literary, mechanical, professional, artistic or domestic, he is apt in following that to its highest fulfillment to lose the power and inclination to do anything else, and if aught happens to prevent doing this one thing, such people are all "at sea;" while the "Jack" can always make himself useful, since if one thing fails, he can try another.

I know of two brothers who were excellent examples of this truth. Joe, the eldest, developed a decided talent for mathematics early in his school life, which was encouraged, and grew with his intellectual growth, until he graduated with honors and was appointed professor of mathematics in a leading university.

Jim, the younger, was given the same advantages his brother enjoyed, but having blundered happily through his school-days, showing no particular taste for books, his parents did not send him to college; instead, he went to an uncle who lived on a farm.

Jim took kindly to the work, was handy about everything, but in six months' time his uncle sent him home with this message:

"He will never make a successful farmer; let him learn the carpenter's trade; he's forever tinkering."

So Jim went to a carpenter, and here he was as handy as ever; there was nothing he could not do, but he had no more decided 'bent' for this work than than for farming. In time he learned a little of the machinists' trade, could lay bricks, or paint, or set a pane of glass; could nurse a sick man, or lay out a dead one; could sweep a floor as well as a woman; wash dishes or even cook if need be. Every one was quick to call on him if any kind of help was needed, but everyone spoke of Joe as the "successful one" in the family, and of "poor Jim" as only a "Jack-at-all-trades."

When both men were nearing middle-age Joe's health gave out completely, and he was forced to resign his professorship and go West. Jim was, as usual, doing nothing in particular, so he went along, and it is easily imagined who was of the most importance in their cabin on the prairie, the brilliant professor of mathematics, or the "Jack-at-all-trades" who was nurse, cook, housekeeper, gardner and cabinet maker by turns, and for whom his elder brother, sitting idle and helpless, his occupation gone, conceived a most sincere respect.

Doubtless many of the Household will think of similar cases, and, while of course, we all should aim to be masters of our work, whatever it is, I think everyone will agree with me, that the good-natured, ready-to-help "Jack-of-all-trades" deserves his share of respect and praise, unadulterated with the least shade of pity or patronage.—L. A. F.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Opinions From Here and There—"Ione's" Letter Criticised.

I read with great surprise the question of "Ione," concerning the effect on the world of the writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Perhaps I am not qualified to judge, but in my estimation the person who reads "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Oldtown Folk" and lays down either book without gaining a helping thought or even pure mental enjoyment is incapable of understanding or appreciating the "standard authors" mentioned by "Ione." I have read and admired the works of Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray as others as noted, and still I admire Mrs. Stowe's works because they deal so naturally with a plain, everyday American life. I must confess, however, that although many admire the works of Hawthorne, I should not care to place the "Scarlet Letter" in the hands of any young girl and tell her that is "standard literature."

Will Miss Bouton tell us her valuation of Mrs. Stowe's works? Is there any harm in allowing young girls to read them? I had always classed them with Miss Alcott's books in purity and naturalness.

I cannot say the same of Mary J. Holmes's works, however. I never before heard them classed with Mrs. Stowe's. What does "Ione" think of Victor Hugo's writings? He is called a "master writer." What good has he done to the world?—C. B. F.

Practical Suggestions From "Nex."

Let me shake hands with Douglas; her opinion and mine is similar. In regard to seeming intelligence of the two classes, country and city people, my observation has led me to the conclusion that the latter are very apt to take the lighter literature, soon read and soon discarded for something new, to anything which may have a deeper meaning, and require study and much thinking to bring out all the hidden thoughts. That cushion of I. A. E. is a good idea. I have been putting such scraps in the stove. Now I believe I will make a floor cushion. Save the tow sacks, ravel them for carpet rags; they take a good color, and look like yarn.

Turn the baby over when it squirms; it may be tired of lying on one side, and don't lie it on its back very long at a time. Fit your furniture to your size; if you must do your own laundrying, place your tub or washer just high enough so you will not have to raise your elbows, and see how much it saves the back. By all means get your cook stove the right height; also the kitchen table. A tall stool by the table comes very handy a great many times, when washing dishes, for example.—Nex.

About "Vines and Annuals."

Considering the great value and beauty of hardy vines, such as the well known clematis, comprising so many handsome varieties, the graceful wistarias, and the charming honeysuckle. I wonder they are not more generally cultivated by flower lovers both in city and country. Let her who presides over a farm home adorn her plain house with a few beautiful vines and at the front porch have the clematis jackmam, with large purple flowers. Have the honeysuckle at a side or back porch, for they are splendid bloomers (all varieties bloom well), and the shade will be found very gratifying on a hot summer day. I recommend buying only hardy perenial vines, for they increase in size and beauty from year to year, and after once thoroughly established you have only to note their increasing beauty and pluck the great blossoms which they so freely bestow.

For a window vine the cobea scandaus is most desirable. Plant both the white and purple varieties. This vine is a rapid grower, producing bell-shaped flowers. The moonflower is a very ornamental, rapid-growing vine, producing thousands of brilliant flowers by night—very desirable for windows or porch. Why not try to raise some popular annuals this summer? Sweet peas are always favorites and are so easy of culture. Mignonette is a favorite for its elegant fragrance. Nasturtiums can always be depended upon for blossoms. Pansies are the leading favorites always, and sure to bloom well with any kind of careful treatment. Verbena, petunia, phlox drummondi, marigold, labelia, sweet alyssum and carnations should find a place in every flower-lover's summer garden.—Primrose.

An Answer for Francis Howard.

The condition of your geranium and ivy is probably caused by insufficient watering, the presence of insects, or lack of soil below the plants. These plants do not droop their foliage when dry, and are therefore easily neglected. A little dash of water on top of the soil, even though it be given every morning, is not sufficient. It is much more likely to be absorbed by the dry air of the room than by the roots of the plant.

Examine both soil and foliage very carefully in search of insects. To exterminate soil insects, allow the soil to become rather dry, then wet thoroughly with ammonia water, using one teaspoonful of ammonia to each quart of water. One application is sufficient. For foliage insects, wash often in very weak ammonia water—one tablespoonful of ammonia to one pail of water. If the plants are set too deep in the soil so that the roots are below it, and do not receive sufficient nourishment, they will die, and the leaves can not live if the roots do not.—L. A. C.

MANY PRETTY THINGS

To be Made by Nimble Fingers Using Taste and Patience.

Bedroom Chair Drapes.

Book muslin makes nice drapes. I bought two yards of the wide, cut it in two lengthwise, thus making two long drapes. One I hemmed with very narrow hems at the sides, and a hem one and one-half inches wide at both ends. Then I covered two dozen little rings with white knitting silk, which can be either button-holed or crocheted on. Also the same number of cords and tassels, the tassels being long and not too heavy. To make the cords, take a thread of the silk, something over four times the length you wish the cord, twist tightly and fold, holding the ends securely. Then twist and fold again, thus obtaining a four-fold cord, as the two-fold ones are too slender to look well. Fasten both ends of the cord invisibly in the tassel, then draw the cord through the ring; pass the tassel through the loop thus made, and the rings are ready to sew onto the drape. (The ring, cord and tassel together measure six inches.) Across one end I put eight of these at equal distances apart; across the other end, in groups of three (diamond shape), alternating with a single one. On one end I painted, in olls, a blackberry branch (No. 2), varying, as you see them in nature, from bud and blossom to the ripened fruit; and a butterfly hovering over the blossoms. On the other end was painted a conventionalized design of yellow daisies. In painting on this material, place a blotting paper under the design. These painted drapes, if washed carefully, remained uninjured, and look as fresh as ever.

The other drape was finished with drawn work. The sides hem-stitched with a quarter-of-an-inch hem and one end with an inch and a half hem-stitched hem, with an open work design commencing about an inch above the hem. The other end was open work points, four in number, in a design of squares, finished with yellow silk, and at every point, and between the points, a ring, cord and tassel, 9 in all, as described, made of the yellow silk.

Sofa Cushion.

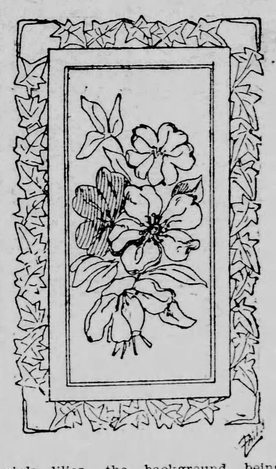
Perhaps you are all tired of crazy-work, but pieces will accummulate that are difficult to dispose of any other way, and yet are too pretty to waste. One cushion is made as follows: Take a square lining the size

you wish the cushion; in the center place a square of velvet, silk or other material, allowing five or six inches of the lining all around to remain uncovered. This border is to be filled in with crazy-work. The centerpiece can be left plain, or a design can be painted or embroidered on it. The cushion can be made any shape desired, always keeping the centerpiece the same shape as the cushion.

Pretty Rug.

A rug pretty for sitting room or bed room was made out of old woolen stockings, the coarser the yarn the better. Cut in lengthwise strips about two inches wide; ravel both sides, leaving 3 or 4 stitches in the center, so that the strips can be sewed onto a foundation, being a much quicker way than drawing the threads through with a hook. The design of mine was a maltese cross in the center, and rings at the corners, made of bright colors, and filled in between with darker colors—mostly black, and at both ends a strip four or five inches wide of lighter colors.

A Pretty Panel (No. 3) was made out of a common small door panel, one with a raised panel in the center, and a space of an inch and a half from bevel to outer edge. This border was cut out with a scroll saw in an ivyleaf design, leaving about one half inch between design and raised center panel. The ivy leaves were painted with "light green" and the half-inch space with "white enamel paints; the bevel edge and the veining of the leaves with gold. The panel was painted with a design of white and



pink lilies, the background being shaded from a greenish blue top, bottom and sides to a light reddish brown center. It was hung with light green baby ribbon.

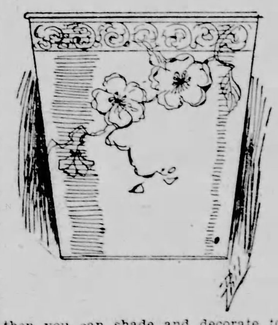
A Frame for a Motto—Was made with plain strips one and one-half inches wide, the ends crossing over each other one and one-half inch. This painted with the white enamel and the edges with gilt and gilt stars outlined in each corner where the pieces cross. Then a design of maple leaves one and one-half inch wide was sawed out, leaving them attached to a narrow strip, so that they could be fastened behind the plain frame, just the leaves showing. The leaves painted with "light green" enamel, and veined with gold.

A Pretty Wall Pocket.

Take a piece of pasteboard whose diameter is ten inches and from it cut an opening measuring seven inches, leaving a circular ring an inch and a half in width. Cover this with silk, satin or whatever material you wish, having embroidered or painted scattered sprays upon it. Paste the material to the pasteboard at the back. The edges being cut up, turned under and carefully laid down with flour paste. A similar ring is then covered with the same material as the pocket. The front and back of this ring are pasted together. This ring is intended to lie flat against the wall. A pocket is then made of silk, being sewn all around its outer edge and forming a hanging bag twelve inches long. The lower part is finished by being gathered and tied with a ribbon bow, three or four inches of the silk forming a full ruffle below and then edged with lace three inches wide. Lace is also sewn slightly full around the lower edge of the ring forming the opening. The pocket is suspended by three bands of ribbon, one coming from the center and one from each side of the ring and fastened together in one large bow at the top. Place bows also where the side bands of ribbon start from the ring.

Fancy Jars.

For the benefit of those who do not live near a pottery or art store I will describe my "tin can" jars, (No. 4.) One will serve to give an idea and



then you can shade and decorate to suit your own tastes. I took a pressed meat can and covered it first with a mixture of plaster of Paris and a little fine sand, putting it on very roughly. I allowed this to dry, and then modeled a branch of apple blossoms and leaves, out of putty. The jar I shaded from emerald green at the top to the palest tint (almost white) at the bottom. When dry the top can be spattered with gilt if desired. Branch and blossoms painted in natural colors. Pretty shaped bottles, etc., can be treated in the same manner.—H. M. S.

THE THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

And Some of Those Which Are Answered.

How shall I make my little boy's summer dresses? He is two years old and quite tall, and I should like to make kilts and blouses for him if that would be correct. What kind of a wrap should he have, and should he wear a cap or hat, and what kind of one? How long should his dresses be made? Will Jean Hunt advise?—An Anxious Mother.

I have a pair of white kid gloves that I wish to color black. Will some one give me plain directions for doing so, and tell me if the gloves must be dyed and dried on the hands?—G. E. C.

Can some one tell me whether or no I should have something done to my baby's eyes? Quite often she turns one or both of them in, especially when holding her playthings near her face.—"Gene's Wife."

I have a white marble-topped center table which has become scratched and marred. How can polish it?—F. Smith.

Will some one tell me what will remove superfluous hair without injuring the skin?—A Reader.

Some Questions Answered.

J. M. T.—Our acceptance of your story would, of course, depend altogether on its merits and its fitness for our columns. If you send return postage with it, we will examine it and send it back if we do not find it suitable.

"One Interested."—We would gladly accommodate you, but, as we have often stated, we do not preserve the addresses of our correspondents.

"Mina."—No addresses can be published in this column.

For coloring brown on woolen or cotton.—For 10 lbs. of goods 1 lb. of catechu; 4 ozs. blue vitriol; 4 ozs. bi-chromate of potash. Dissolve the catechu over night; make a dye of the catechu and vitriol in a brass or copper kettle; put in goods and simmer 1 hour; make another dye of the potash; wring out the goods from the first dye put in the second, with water enough to cover them well, and simmer half an hour; take out and dry before washing; then wash and press.—W. D. H.

Acetanilid is an excellent remedy for sick headache; dose 1-3 teaspoonful taken dry in the mouth, with a swallow of water afterward; repeat in two or four hours, if necessary. A few drops of kerosene will cleanse the wash-basin or sink quickly; it will also clear the verdi-gris from the outside of a copper wash boiler.—G. E. A.

Herbert Niles.—The poem "The Convict's Christmas Eve," is by Will Carleton, and may be found in the volume entitled "City Legends."—C. F. X.

To the Lady Who Asked for Mustard Recipe:

Slice three large onions in an earthen vessel, add one quart of vinegar, let stand three days. Then drain off the vinegar in a stew pan, set on the stove, let come to a boil; then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of salt, add one teaspoonful of ground black pepper; take two tablespoonfuls ground mustard and one tablespoonful of flour; stir smooth with cold vinegar, then stir into the boiling vinegar. Let come to a boil and it is ready to use.—Country Housewife No. 2.

For babies or children who are constipated I strongly recommend a diet of figs. Most children like the fruit, and its effects are gentle, efficacious and not in the least harmful. —"Gene's Wife."

COOK'S CONGRESS.

A Welcome Delegation From the Empire State—Come Again.

Graham Gems.

One-third cupful lard or butter, one-half cupful sugar, one egg, one cupful sweet milk, one scant cupful white flour, one heaping cupful Graham flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven.

Excelsior Corn Bread.

One cupful cornmeal, one cupful flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, butter the size of an egg. Mix together, then add one egg, one-third cupful sugar, one cupful sweet milk; beat smooth and bake 20 minutes.

Orange Pudding.

One cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls cornstarch dissolved in cold water, grated rind and juice of one lemon, one pint boiling water, cook until clear and set to cool. Take four large or six small oranges, pare and slice into a dish, removing the seeds, as they give a bitter taste, and sprinkling each layer of orange well with sugar. When the dip (?) is cold pour it over the oranges and frost with the whites of three eggs, and two tablespoonfuls sugar.

French Mustard.

One quart vinegar; if very strong use part water, place in a granite or stone bowl, add 18 cloves, several pieces of cinnamon bark, and two medium-sized onions sliced, boil for 10 minutes. Take three tablespoonfuls mustard, two tablespoonfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt, two-thirds cupful sugar one-fourth teaspoonful red pepper, make into a paste with water, pour into the vinegar, and let boil. Let it stand over night, then strain.

Gentlemen's Favorite Cake.

One-half cupful sugar, one-half cupful butter, one cupful N. O. molasses, one cupful sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, flour to make moderately thick batter. Bake in layers.

White of one egg, add sugar gradually, beating until stiff, melt a piece of chocolate the size of a walnut, and add to the frosting.—G. E. A.

Here's a compliment the cook appreciates:

"I tried the buttermilk yeast—and find it makes lovely bread, but the "hard sugar cookies," which were to last a year, only lasted a week!"—"Alida F."

"Gene's Wife":—You are cordially invited to represent your part of the country in the Cook's Congress.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

A sort of house-cleaner's cyclone swept through Miss Prudence's possessions during the past week, and she finds addressed envelopes from the following persons saved from the wreckage—though the accompanying requests are missing. Will the correspondents named please advise her by postal as to whose address they wanted, and will "Harriette" forward her address, as that, too, has become mislaid: Miss Bertha Bohn, Miss Allie Houk, Miss Mary Spoon, Miss Julia Wright. The addresses of "Semi-Mute," "Imogene," and "Nil" are also in demand, and unfortunately, have been mislaid. Will the Merry-Go-Rounders who claim those titles please favor Miss Prudence with their names once more?

"Winnie Wayne" will only correspond with "Kathleen."

Such a deal of handshaking as there was in the cosy corner this morning! If Miss Prudence were not a robust person, she never could enjoy it as she does. In the carriage next behind hers sat a 14-year-old school girl, who loves to study and is fond of Longfellow. She intends to be a model housekeeper, and would like to know how many of the girls have read "Josiah Allen's Wife." Her name is "Bernice," and Miss Prudence hopes she will remember her promise to come again.

With "Bernice" rode an Illinois girl, "Calla Lily," who has learned that "Brevity is the very soul of wit." In a very few words she informed the circle that her favorite authors are Louisa M. Alcott and Charles Dickens, that she enjoyed "Wilhelmine's" letter very much, and was glad the "boys" had been admitted to the Merry-Go-Rounds.

"Birdie May" addressed some very earnest words to the Merry-Go-Rounders who have mothers, urging them to appreciate them. She was so unfortunate as to lose her mother when she was only 6 years old, and has the sincere sympathy of Miss Prudence and the Circle, who will gladly welcome her again.

A sweet "Brier Rose" from Kansas gave it as her opinion that girls should not only strive to beautify themselves by the addition of laces, ribbons, bangs, etc., when they were going into company, but should make a point of "fixing up" when they were at home, claiming that if they did so their brothers would be more willing to stay at home with them, and there would be less need of "reform" among young men. Miss Prudence agrees with her exactly, and hopes to hear from her again.

"Union Blossom" evidently believes in the home reform plan also, and says she has as good a brother as a girl need want. Miss Prudence hopes that her statement that the fruit on their farm is all spoiled may prove to be a mistake, and that the opportunity to attend school may come to her before long.

"Moxie" sends a bit of description of his (?) home that sounds very delightful to Miss Prudence:

"I live in the upland region of Western Pennsylvania, and though the country is not strikingly grand, it has a quiet beauty of its own, in its fertile valleys and wooded hills, and I would not exchange my home for many wealthier ones."—"Moxie."

"Tabby," who is not a purring "Tabby" at all, but apparently a very wide-awake young lady, would like to correspond with Harriette, as she, too, is attending a business college. She enjoys the cosy corner, and promises to come again.

"Cara Mia" sends a pretty little poem, and would like to correspond with some of the girls, who, like her, are motherless. She is taking the Chautauquan course, and enjoys the reading very much.

A modest little "Daisy" came all the way from the Rocky Mountains to join the Merry-Go-Rounds. Her favorite poets are Longfellow and Whittier, and she, too, is coming again.

"Hazel Eyes" comes in with some suggestions cincerning a badge and motto for the circle.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I am also in favor of a motto for our circle. I think "Excelsior" would be a good one, it includes so much. The word means superiority, the highest pinnacle of truth, honor and fame that may be attained.

The badge could be made from a piece of white ribbon (white for purity), on which the motto "Excelsior" could be embroidered or painted. On the ribbon should also be the initials "M. G. R."

I suppose "Blue Jay" will want his wife to vote for him, too. I wish you, sir, all the terrors of a lonely bachelor life.

I should be pleased to correspond with any of the circle.—Hazel Eyes.

Miss Prudence feels sure that "Tamarack" is just the kind of practical, go-ahead boy that the Merry-Go-Round girls will gladly welcome every time.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Would a boy who is just old enough to vote be welcome in your circle? I am baching and "holding down" a claim in Dakota. Can some of the Merry-Go-Round housekeepers tell me how to make pies, cakes and puddings out of flour, salt pork and baking powder? How many have ever studied phrenology? I like it better than any other study, but I am also fond of any kind of really good reading.—Tamarack.

Miss Prudence assures "Amanuensis" that type-written letters are very acceptable, indeed, and she shall be glad to receive another as neatly written as this one.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Will you admit another Hoosier? I have thought a great deal about asking to join your interesting circle, but I am a stenographer, and I have been very busy lately.

I see that you have admitted the boys; it is a good idea, I think for it looks kind of selfish to see the girls enjoying themselves around the family fireplace, and the boys peeping in at the windows. I live in one of the prettiest little cities in Indiana, and after receiving a thorough course in stenography, I am able to make a little of the necessary article, which you know we girls must have. I love my work, although it tends to make me very nervous, and I should like to correspond with some other stenographer of the Merry-Go-Rounds.

Stephen, I want to shake hands with you over that thought about Shakespeare. I have seen and read hundreds of other books that seem to me so far superior to Shakespeare, that I really class him among the ones least to be loved. I, too, like Robert Burns, and never tire of reading from his poems; I am especially fond of Tam O'Shanter.

Well, for fear that you will not want me to come again I will close.—Amanuensis.

A FOOLISH SAYING.

"The world owes me a living,
I hear some people say;
But I think 'tis very foolish
To speak in such a way.
And I'd like to ask the reason,
Forsooth, how can it be,
The world should owe a living
To either you or me?

'Tis a very silly saying,
And only those who shirk,
Would expect to get a living
From other people's work.
And I'd really like to ask them—
For it puzzles me as yet—
Just how the world has happened
To get into their debt?

If they do their share of labor,
They may claim their share of ease;
But drones are out of favor
In this busy hive of bees.
And I'd like to tell them plainly
(Though no offense is meant),
That our bustling world is honest,
And owes no man a cent!
—Helen Whitney Clark.

FOND OF NOISE AND BUSTLE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Can Write More Easily in Town.

At the tender age of 8 she began to write a novel, using scraps of paper and the backs of envelopes. She started out with a determination to have an original verse at the beginning of every chapter, but a friend told her that novelists never did that;

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

they borrowed other people's verses. The sensitive young writer at once stopped work on her story, convinced that real novelists were not all her fancy had painted them. For six years from that time her celebrity was confined to the family circle. Then some of her work was printed, and from that time to this she has been a writer. She is a lively little woman, and declares that she can work in the noise and rattle and bustle of a city far better than in a place where all nature is indolent about her and where she grows indolent, too. She is a sort of seventh wave, she says, borne up by the six which preceded, and the better social time she has. The more parties she attends, the more she writes, while, when by the seashore she finds time and inclination to be idle. Generally, though, she is a busy little soul, who enjoys her profession and her life.

What and What Not to Say.

Don't say a garment sets good, but it fits well.

Don't describe an unusual occurrence as funny.

Don't say not so good as, for not as good as.

Don't say I feel good, for I feel well.

Don't say she looked beautifully, but she looked beautiful.

Don't say these kind, but this kind.

Don't say I have blacked my shoes, but I have blackened my shoes.

Don't say the matter of him, but the matter with him.

Don't say fix my gown, fix this room, but arrange my gown, the room. The best English authorities rarely use fix except to indicate stability or permanence.

Don't speak of articles of diet as healthy, but as healthful or wholesome.

Don't say above seven, but more than seven.—The Housekeeper.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

BABY'S COMPLIMENT.

His father and mother were both away,
And Baby and I had been friends all day,
Many and gay were the games we played;
Baby ordered and I obeyed.
We cared not at all for the rainy sky;
We built us a blockhouse three feet high;
We threw pine knots on the nursery fire
And watched the flames mount higher and higher;
We hid in the most improbable nooks,
We looked at the pictures in all his books;
We ran in "tag" till his cheeks were red,
And his curls were tangled about his head.
So when the twilight was closing down

Over the fields and the woodlands brown,
And nurse declared he must say good night,
He clung to me still in the firelight—
He trampled my gown with his rough little feet,
He climbed on my lap and kissed me sweet,
And as he scrambled from off my knee,
"You'd make a good mother," said Baby to me.

I have had compliments, now and then,
From grown-up women and grown-up men;
Some were commonplace, some were new,
Never was one of them rung so true,
Never was one seemed half so real—
Baby compared me to his ideal!
S. S. Lawrence, in Woman's Journal.

THE CAPTURED FAIRIES.

There once lived in the little village of Hoghton two idle, good-for-nothing fellows, who, somehow or other, managed to exist without spending the day, from morn to dewy eve, at the loom. When their more respectable neighbors were hard at work they generally were to be seen either hanging about the doorway of the little ale-house or playing at dominoes inside the old-fashioned hostelry; and many a time in broad daylight their lusty voices might be heard as they trolled forth the hearty poaching ditty:

"It's my delight, on a shiny night."

It was understood that they had reason to sympathize with the sentiments expressed in the old ballad. Each was followed by a ragged, suspicious-looking lurcher; and as the four lounged about the place, steady-going people shook their heads, and prophesied all sorts of unpleasant terminations to so unsatisfactory a career. So far as the dogs were concerned the dismal forebodings were verified, for from poaching in the society of their masters the clever lurchers took to doing a little on their own account, and both were shot in the pursuit of game by keepers, who were only too glad of an opportunity of ridding the neighborhood of such misdirected intelligence. Soon after this unfortunate event, the two men, who themselves had a narrow escape, had their nets taken; and as they were too poor to purchase others, and going about to borrow such articles was equivalent to accusing their friends of poaching habits, they were reduced to the necessity of using sacks whenever they visited the squire's fields.

One night, after climbing the fence and making their way to a well-stocked warren, they put in a solitary ferret and rapidly fixed the sacks over the burrows. They did not wait long in anxious expectation of an exodus before there was a frantic rush, and after hastily grasping the sacks tightly round the necks, and tempting their missionary from the hole, they crept through the hedgerow, and at a sharp pace started for home. For a time they remained unaware of the nature of their load, and they were congratulating themselves upon the success which had crowned their industry, when suddenly there came a cry from one of the prisoners, "Dick, wheer art ta?" The poachers stood petrified with alarm; and almost immediately a voice from the other bag piped out:

"In a sack,
On a back,
Riding up Hoghton Brow."

The terrified men at once let their loads fall, and fled at the top of their speed, leaving behind them the bags full of fairies, who had been driven from their homes by the intruding ferret. Next morning, however, the two poachers ventured to the spot where they heard the supernatural voices. The sacks neatly folded were lying at the side of the road, and the men took them up very tenderly, as though in expectation of another mysterious utterance, and crept off with them.

Need it be said that those bags were not afterward used for any purpose more exciting than the carriage of potatoes from the previously neglected bit of garden, the adventure having quite cured the men of any desire to "pick up" rabbits.

Like most sudden conversions, however, that of the two poachers into hard-working weavers was regarded with suspicion by the inhabitants of the old-world village, and in self-defense the whilom wastrels were forced to tell the story of the imprisonment of the fairies. The wonderful narrative soon got noised abroad; and as the changed characters, on many a summer evening afterward, sat hard at work in their loom house, and perhaps almost instinctively, hummed the old ditty—

"It's my delight, on a shiny night,"

the shock head of a lad would be protruded through the honeysuckle which almost covered the casement, as the grinning youngster, who had been waiting patiently for the weaver to commence his song and give an opportunity for the oft-repeated repartee, cried out, "It isn't the delight; 'Dick, wheer art ta?'"—Selected.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPERS.

"Do you know," said Edna, looking up suddenly from the book she was reading, "I really don't see how she could do it."

Bert, from his geography lesson, gave her an amazed stare.

"Do what?" he asked, sharply.

"Wear them," answered Edna, vaguely. Then, catching the general expression of wonder, she explained hurriedly: "Oh, I forgot you didn't know what I was reading. It's Cinderella."

"Cinderella'" repeated her mother, with a smile. "We are still in the dark. What is it she couldn't do?"

"Wear her slippers—glass slippers," said Edna, slowly. "She couldn't, you know."

"Why, not?" asked Dave, the youngest boy. "The book says so. Her feet were so small—I mean the slippers were so small that no feet but Cinderella's would fit them."

"I know that," said Edna, laughing, "but I don't believe Cinderella or any one else could dance in glass slippers, because they would break all to pieces."

"But they were fairy slippers, and couldn't break," protested Dave.

"It's only a fairy story, anyhow," put in Marian, "and everything is possible to fairies."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Bert, with an air of superior wisdom (Bert was in the high-school), "that they were malleable glass. We read of such material in ancient annals, and Cinderella's slippers may have been made of that."

Mr. Anniston had been listening to this discussion with interested attention, and now spoke for the first time:

"Perhaps I can throw some light on this dark subject. Cinderella never did wear glass slippers."

"Oh, papa!" cried Dave, "the book says so!"

"I know it," admitted Mr. Anniston, "but that is a blunder of the translator. The delightful little story was originally French, and the French author says that Cinderella wore pantoufles de vevair—that is, 'fur slippers,' which is quite natural."

"Then, why did the English translator say 'glass?'" questioned Bert.

"Because he was careless. The French word for glass is verre, and its substitution for vair gave Cinderella the slippers, which, however pretty, could not have been at all comfortable."

"Well, I declare!" cried Dave; and everybody else laughed.—Golden Days.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT IS IT?

It is a native of Madagascar, and a most remarkable plant. Its stem resembles that of the plantain, but it sends out leaves only on two opposite sides like an expanded fan. The lower leaves drop as the tree grows, and in an old tree the lowest leaves are frequently 30 feet from the ground. A tree often has 20 or 24 leaves, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the blade four or six feet more. The blade of the leaf is oblong, bright green and shining; the fruit is filled with a fine, silky fibre of the most brilliant blue or purple color, amongst which are about 30 or 40 seeds. Forty or fifty fruits grow in a bunch, and frequently three or four bunches may be seen at the same time, on one tree. The leaves are used for thatch, and for many other purposes; the leaf stalks are used for partitions, and often even for the walls of houses. They always contain water, even in the driest season, more than a quart being readily obtained by piercing the thick part of the base of a leaf stalk. This water is pure and pleasant, and gives the tree its name.

CLEO DAVIS.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Plant nineteen trees in nine straight rows, each row to contain five trees.
"S."

3.—QUOTATION PUZZLE.

(The first letters of the omitted words taken in regular order, give the name of the author of the quotations.)

1.—"***** be the brand and sure the blow."
2.—"** what array? said Marmion quick."
3.—"****** it is a fearful strife."
4.—"***** himself before her stood."
5.—"***

News of the Week.

INDIANA REPUBLICANS.

A Splendid Convention, Ringing Platform, and Good Ticket.

Indianapolis, April 25.—The Indiana Republican state convention was formally called to order by State Chairman Gowdy at 10 o'clock.

The committees on credentials and permanent organization were then named. The report as adopted provided that "The rules of the Fifty-first Congress as adopted and applied by Thomas B. Reed, and lately encored by the present Congress, should govern."

When President Thompson arose to address the convention, he received an ovation, and it was several minutes before he could proceed.

Republican Platform.

We, the Republicans of Indiana, in delegate convention assembled, reaffirm our faith in the progressive principles of the Republican party. We believe its policies past and present, best calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people.

The administration of President Harrison and the Congressional legislation of that party were wise, pure and patriotic and we point to the marked contrast between the home and foreign policies of that administration and the present travesty on government inflicted on the whole people. We believe in the Republican doctrine of protection and reciprocity, which furnishes a home market for the productions of our factories and our farms and protects the American laborer against the competition of the pauper labor of Europe. We denounce the unwise and unpatriotic action of the Democratic party in attempting to eliminate the reciprocity principle from our tariff system, thereby clos-

DICK THOMPSON.

ing a large foreign market to products of American farmers, and depressing agricultural interests. We denounce the present attempt of a Democratic Congress to overthrow and destroy the American industrial system, a course that, with the general fear of a violent re-adjustment of the country's business to a free trade basis, has increased the national debt, has plunged the country into the most disastrous business depression of its history, has closed large numbers of banks and factories throughout the country, and thrown an unprecedented number of American citizens out of employment, has compelled thousands of able bodied and industrious men to humiliate themselves by asking for charity and has filled our broad land with free soup houses and food markets.

We believe in currency composed of gold, silver and paper, readily convertible at a fixed standard of value and entirely under national control; and we favor the imposition of increased tariff duties upon the imports from all countries which oppose the coinage of silver upon a basis to be determined by an international congress for such purpose. We denounce the avowed purpose of the Democratic party to restore the era of "wild cat" money. We believe in a liberal construction of our pension laws, and we condemn the unjust policy of the present administration of depriving ex-soldiers of their pension without a hearing; a policy intended to cast odium upon loyalty and patriotism. We believe it to be the duty of the state, as well as the nation, to make suitable provision for the care and maintenance of all indigent soldiers, their wives and widows.

We, therefore, favor the establishment by the state of a suitable soldiers' home for the reception of such soldiers, their wives and widows as may be overtaken by adversity.

We demand a rigid enforcement of all existing immigration laws by the national government, and demand such further legislation as will protect our people and institutions against the influx of the criminal and vicious classes.

We denounce the unpatriotic action of the Cleveland administration in hauling down the American flag at Hawaii, and condemn the arrogant assumption of power displayed in the effort to restore a tyrannical queen over a free people who had thrown off the yoke of despotism.

We condemn the outrageous bargain and sale of federal patronage by the Cleveland administration, in its unblushing efforts to usurp the prerogatives of the legislative branch of the government to enforce a favorite measure through Congress and compel the confirmation of Presidential appointments by the Senate.

We condemn the reckless and extravagant administration of the financial affairs of this state whereby the people are subjected to unjust and unnecessary burdens of taxation, by an increased assessment of property and increased rate of taxation, and by a multiplication of offices to be supported by the tax payers of the state.

We believe that the benevolent, educational and correctional institutions of the state should be placed under non-partisan control.

We believe in such legislation, state and national, as will protect the lives and limbs of employes of railroads, mines and factories.

We condemn the policies steadily pursued by the Democratic legislature of Indiana, in so gerrymandering the state as to deny the people a fair representation of their views in the state legislature and national Congress, thus imperilling the foundations of our institutions.

The committee on resolutions reported the following platform, which was adopted and is as follows:

Balloting for candidates was then proceeded with, and the first ballot was taken for secretary of state. There were no nominating speeches. There were five candidates, as follows: Aaron Jones, of South Bend; A. D. Owen, of Logansport; J. E. Watson, Rushville; M. R. Sulzer, Madison; Jasper Packard, New Albany. Of Marion county's 130 votes, 35 went to Watson, the largest any one candidate received.

Watson was nominated for secretary of state on the fourth ballot.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 26.—The Republican state convetnion continued its labors till nearly daylight this morning, and fatigue had overtaken many of the delegates and spectators. The last nominations made were for the Supreme court, first and Fourth districts.

For the state officers there were 45 candidates. Each nomination was a prolonged battle, and the ticket as a whole is a victory for Harrison Republicans, the "old ticket" men nominees two years ago were defeated with one exception, F. J. Scholz, of Evansville, being nominated for state treasurer. The younger element was knocked out.

The ticket is as follows: Secretary of State, W. D. Owens, of Logansport; auditor, C. Dailey, of Lebanon; treasurer, F. J. Scholz, of Evansville; attorney-general, W. A. Ketcham, of Indianapolis; Supreme court reporter, Alexander Hess, of Wabash; superintendent of public Instruction, D. M. Geeting, of Davies county; state statistician, S. J. Thompson, of Shelbyville; state geologist, W. S. Blochley, of Terre Haute; for the Supere court, T. J. Monks, of Randolph county, J. H. Jordan, of Morgan. This is the ticket nominated yesterday.

Belva Lockwood has applied to the Supreme court of the United States for a mandamus to compel the Supreme court of Virginia to admit her to practice before it.

THE OLD ST. CHARLES.

A Historical Hostelry at New Orleans Burned.

New Orleans, La., April 30.—A few minutes before 11 o'clock Saturday night fire broke out in the kitchen of the St. Charles hotel. A large audience was leaving the St. Charles theater at the time, and in a few minutes the wildest excitement prevailed in the street.

Guests and employes of the hotel were soon dashing out of the burning building half clad with such personal effects as could be snatched up in their hurried exit from their sleeping rooms, and it soon became ascertained that the whole interior of the court was ablaze. The streets were thronged with people for two or three squares from the hotel, while the corners, where a view of the flames could be obtained were packed with humanity.

Hundreds mounted the roofs of the buildings in adjacent streets, and, these, looking over at the burning building saw what looked like an immense cauldron within whose dark smoking sides raged a roiling, boiling mass of red and white flames from whose surface great fiery clouds of sparks rolled up into the dark night sky, while every few seconds ragged sheets of flames would leap up high and above the burning building. The block of the St. Charles hotel was the most important portion and was one of the most valuable in the city, containing besides the costly hotel, banks, stores, railway offices, one of the largest turf exchanges in the country and finely furnished offices.

As nearly as could be ascertained five lives had been sacrificed. One man leaped from the fourth story and was almost instantly killed, while four men and one woman were seen to leap from the iron staircase leading from the rear of the building and were lost to view in the court, which looked to be almost a solid mass of flames. One man made his escape into the street, but nothing was seen of the others. It was also reported that a child was missing, but this lacks confirmation.

The scene inside the hotel at this time was one of terror and confusion that well nigh defies description. Terror-stricken, half clothed guests were flying from the flames, which were roaring behind them. Some were dragging their trunks with them and offered extravagant prices for help to convey their valuables to a place of safety.

Meanwhile the fire continued to advance toward the front of the building the facade of which was still intact. Soon a great volume of smoke was springing through the front and side windows, telling that the fire was at last sweeping through the whole building. The hopelessness of the situation, as far as saving the hotel was concerned, became evident almost as soon as the fire broke out. At the center of the vast pile of masonry which forms the hotel and occupies over half of the square in which it is situated was a kind of cylinder amphitheater, built for the purpose of giving air to the rooms which did not face upon the street. Having gotten a fair start over the engines, the fire spread with alarming rapidity. Room after room being deserted by its terror-stricken occupants fell a prey to the maw and added to the magnificent pyrotechnic display which thousands from all parts of the city had gathered in a vast crowd to witness. By 2 a. m. Sunday the last of the interior of the building had tumbled in, leaving only the St. Charles street walls intact. The loss is estimated at from $300,000 to $400,000. Besides the St. Charles hotel there are other losses.

The first St. Charles hotel was built in 1838, the work of construction being been commenced in 1835. The cost of the building was $600,000 and the ground $100,000. The dining room was one of the highest finished apartments in America, the ceiling being composed of three beautiful elliptic domes for chandeliers. The ceilings and walls were handsomely frescoed by Canova, nephew of the great Italian sculptor, and the building contained some handsome statuary.

This building was destroyed by fire in 1851. The building of the new hotel was at once commenced, and the building then completed was the one destroyed last night. At the time it attracted attention throughout the world because of the fact that it was the finest hotel in the world and the first great hotel in the United States.

The new hotel was leased by Messrs. Hildreth and Hall, elegantly fitted up and opened for business in less than a year after the fire. Then followed a long era of prosperity for the state, the city and the hotel.

From 1851 to the time of the discovery of the fire last night, the historic building was closely associated with the history of the state and city. In parlor "P" Jefferson Davis and the leading Southern politicians met and agreed upon the course to be pursued at the Charleston convention of 1860, and since then the fate of hundreds of aspirants for public honors was sealed in the historic precincts.

Since the war the St. Charles has been the central point of very stormy politics of Louisiana. In its rotunda, Democrats, Republicans and members of every political party have met to exchange views and to discuss the affairs of the state and nation.

Parlor "P" also made for itself a national reputation. It has been occupied by no one less than six Congressional investigation committees trying to understand that chaotic condition of affairs that was at that time known over the country as 'The Louisiana question.' But it is not in political history alone that Parlor P is famous. Countless other associations to discuss great questions of trade and commerce have been held there; railroad meetings to build new railroads and meetings of ladies to solve great problems of balls and dress. There, too, comes Rex when a visitor to New Orleans, Parlor P being his recognized official headquarters for his short reign of two days during the carnival.

WANT A FURTHER EXTENSION.

All of the Chinese Are Not Ready to Register Yet Awhile.

San Francisco, April 30.—The Six Companies held a big meeting here last night, and again petitioned their minister at Washington to memorialize Congress for a further extension of time for registration under the McCreary act. Unless their prayer is granted the registration books will close on Tuesday next. Chinese will close attention to the fact that every incoming steamer brings many Chinese whose sole purpose in returning is to register, and that on the steamer Oceanic, which arrived here on Saturday, there are over 500 Chinese who want to register, many of whom will not be permitted by the customs officers to come ashore before that time will have expired.

REMEMBERING GENERAL GRANT.

Galena Was in Holiday Attire On His Birthday.

Galena, Ills., April 27.—Galena was in holiday dress to-day celebrating Grant's birthday anniversary. Hundreds of visitors from surrounding points thronged the streets, and nearly every building made a more or less elaborate show of decoration. A special train brought a party of guests from Chicago, including Luther Laflin Mills, orator of the day. The Chicago visitors were met at the depot by a reception committee and military escort and conveyed to Turner Hall, where the exercises were held. Mayor Birmingham, as president of the day, introduced Mr. Mills.

FLOWER WAS TOO PREVIOUS.

Vetoed a Bill Before He Had It in His Hands.

Albany, N. Y., April 27.—Governor Flower yesterday achieved the unique distinction of vetoing a bill which had not yet been submitted to him. It was the ballot reform bill. The governor, knowing the terms of the measure which had already passed both houses, and expecting it would reach him at a certain hour, prepared a veto message and gave it out for publication. The bill is still in the hands of the engrossing clerk and will not reach the governor until to-morrow. His objections to the bill are that it does not provide for a blanket ballot and blanket pasters and thus deprives the illiterate voter of proper facilities for the exercise of franchise.

EVERY MAN QUITS WORK.

Great Northern Strikes Extends to the Twin Cities.

Minneapolis, April 27.—The strike is on at last in the Twin Cities. The American Railway Union this afternoon called out all of its men in the employ of the Great Northern in the two cities. Telegrams were sent to all unions on the line to stand to their guns.

All efforts to settle the strike failed, and President Debs, of the A: R. U., issued orders for a strike on all the Minnesota divisions of the Great Northern. This completes the strike from St. Paul to the coast: President Hill, of the Great Northern, again proposed his plan of arbitration at the last conference between the men's committee and the road, but it was refused.

To Compel Trains to Run.

Helena, Mont., April 28.—Proceedings were begun in the Supreme Court to-day on behalf of the attorney general to compel the Great Northern to operate its lines within Montana. A petition was filed which sets forth the organization of the road and recites that on April 13, in violation of its duty to the people of this state and in disregard of its obligations assumed in the acceptance of its franchise, it wholly ceased to operate any of its lines within the state, and still refuses to do so or to carry any freight or passengers or to accept either for transportation and has wholly abandoned operation; that it is fully able to operate its trains; that it has abundant means to do so and that there are at all points along its line within the state a sufficient number of competent and skilled men who can be engaged to do so at reasonable wages and at less wages than are paid to similar employes upon any other line in Montana; that the counties in the northern part of the state are almost entirely dependent upon the Great Northern for transportation facilities, and that the neglect of the road to run trains has already resulted in great loss to inhabitants; wherefore, the attorney general asks the court for an order upon the company commanding it appear and show cause why a writ should not be issued compelling the company to operate its road as it was operated previous to April 13.

These proceedings will be followed by an application to have the charter of the road within the state forfeited on account of failure to operate the line. The court has taken the application under consideration.

RECEIVED A SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE

President McBride Was Foxy and Gave It to the Police.

Columbus, O., April 26.—President McBride, coal miners association, today received by mail from Pennsylvania a suspicious package which he gave to the police. The town postmark was illegible, but it was a short name. The stuff came in a normal school catalogue so cut as to admit of a deposit over which paper was pasted, the idea being to operate the contrivance when the book was opened. There was evidence of gun powder, but what the substance beneath the rapidity. Room after room being deserted by its terror-stricken occupants fell a prey to the maw and added to the magnificent pyrotechnic display which thousands from all parts of the city had gathered in a vast crowd to witness. By 2 a. m. Sunday the last of the interior of the building had tumbled in, leaving only the St. Charles street walls intact. The loss is estimated at from $300,000 to $400,000. Besides the St. Charles hotel there are other losses.

The Spring Valley Miners.

Toluca, Ill., April 27.—The Spring Valley miners who halted for a rest at Big Sandy last night, broke camp at 4 a. m. to-day, arriving at Toluca at 6 a. m. with the blare of brass bands and drum corps. There were nearly 4,500 of them. As they filed into town they were met by the citizens. Although footsore and weary, they had not lost any enthusiasm. Most of the colored miners who worked here left for other places last night to avoid a skirmish, and are not likely to return until the army leaves town. As soon as the men arrived they assembled on the commons near Superintendent Duggann's house, but adjourned again to await the arrival of the army from Streator and Kangley. This wing arrived later, having marched all the way from Streator.

A few minutes previous to their arrival, Governor Gill, President J. A. Crawford and Vice President James W. Murray arrived on a special train from Joliet. A conference took place between the men and Charles J. Devlin in the latter's private car. The miners' officers wanted Mr. Devlin to address the miners, but he decilned, saying he had not invited them here, and consequently had no desire to address them. The meeting was called to order by Chairman O'Connor, of Spring Valley, and was addressed by Messrs. Gill, Crawford and Murray, who counselled peace and urged the army to leave it all to the Toluca miners to decide for themselves. Finally this was agreed upon, and Mr. Devlin at once arranged for a special train to take the army home. It is the general impression here that the Toluca miners will not return to work. If they do not, themission of the army is successful.

POLITICS IN COLORADO.

Attempts Made to Harmonize the Democratic Party.

Denver, Col., April 26.—Efforts are being made to harmonize the two wings of the Democratic party in this state before the fall election. The chairmen of the two committees have sent letters to all members asking for their views and meetings will soon be called to decide what shall be done. Some of the "white wings" (Cleveland Democrats) favor combination with the Republicans against the Populists and some of the other wing believe an alliance with the Populists should be made.

H. W. OGDEN ELECTED

To Succeed Senator Blanchard, of Louisiana, in Congress.

Little Rock, Ark., April 26.—A Gazette special from Shreveport, La., says: H. W. Ogden, Democratic candidate for Congress from this district, yesterday was elected to fill the unexpired term of Senator N. C. Blanchard. His majority is about 5,000.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

COXEY AND BROWNE ARRESTED IN WASHINGTON.

THE ARMY BROKEN UP AND DISPERSED.

No Telling What Will Become of Them Now—Capitol Steps Are Still Coxeyless, and the Other Marching Armies Will Take Heed of the Usage Given the Original Commonweal.

Washington, May 1.—Bulletin—A large crowd had collected at the capitol, where police were gathered on every side, this morning. Coxey and Browne, when the capitol grounds were reached dismounted, and carrying banners started up the capitol walks, followed by a motley crowd, oomposed of their followers and curious idlers. There was great confusion, and the mounted police charged into the crowd, dispersing them. Coxey and Browne were arrested and taken to police station, followed by a long line of jostling men and boys. The charge to be preferred is not known, but will probably be disorderly assemblage. This broke up the aggregation, and commonwealers and Washingtonians were mixed in a jumble of people. Nothing of a really serious nature occurred.

Coxey Escapes.

Coxey, after his arrest, had good luck, and succeeded in escaping. The policeman wha had him did not recognize his prisoner as the leader of the commonweal, and let him go. Coxey got into a carriage with his wife and led his men to their new camp south of the Capitol. Browne was taken to police headquarters, and will be taken thence directly to court, which has been kept open awaiting him.

Washington, May 1.—The commonweal army was astir early to-day upon Brightwood Heights with preparations for the great procession to the Capitol. There was an early breakfast of eggs, coffee and bread; tents were struck and packed into wagons, and the whole army was aligned before 9 o'clock. All the men carried staves on which fluttered white flags with the motto, "Peace on earth, good will towards men, but death to interest on bonds."

At 10:15 o'clock the army was ready and out of the Brightwood driving park it started for town.

A Fantastic Array.

As the caravan wound its way down through the mile stretch of woods to the city, it was the most fantastic array ever conceived in a dream. Nine mounted policemen rode on ahead clearing the way. Then came Carl Browne in his buckskin suit, mounted on his big gray Percheron stallion, and waving a small flag. Next was a creamy white prancing circus steed bearing the feature of the whole band, Miss Mamie Coxey, in the role of the Goddess of Peace. She is a Slender, really handsome girl of 17 years, with long golden hair drifting down her back. She wore a pure white riding habit which streamed after her as the full horse on which she had been perched pranced to the music of the band. Her head was covered by a little rimless blue cap, and she shaded her face with atiny parasol. Altogether she was a picture of such unusual beauty that a spontaneous cheer greeted the unexpected appearance all along the line. The Goddess of Peace was followed by Oklahoma Sam, the cowboy, on another big stallion. Then came Roy Kirk and three other marshals. Thatcher, the bugler, rode next, emitting frequent blasts from his cornet, and followed by a big flapping American flag, carried by a stalwart wealer. Next the commonweal army band of six pieces, mostly bass drum and symbals, sounding determinedly in an attempt at "Marching Through Georgia."

Blasphemous Picture.

The banner with a portrait of Carl Browne as Christ, with the legend, "He is risen, but death to interest on bonds," was borne after a light buggy decorated with flags, drawn by two black horses, in which sat Gen. Coxey himself beside Mrs. Coxey, a rather handsome young woman in a tan colored tailor-made gown, shading with a parasol the white robed infant "Legal Tender" Coxey, aged two years.

Then, marching two by two, came the regular communes of the army. Before each commune was a commissary wagon drawn by two Percherons, the wagon daubed on its white canvas cover with wierd allegorical illustrations of the "Curse of National Banks." Small flags fluttered in the hands of the marshals who galloped alongside; the men bore their white peace flags and symbolic financial banners, fearfully and wonderfully made, were sprinkled along at intervals.

Finally a long wierd shriek of the bagpipes heralded the Philadelphia commune. From the City of Brotherly Love came also a Goddess of Peace. Her identity was hidden. She was another "Unknown." A heavy brown wagon horse selected for his docility, carried her. She was a good-looking, plump, red-cheeked maiden of 16, draped in the Stars and Stripes, with not inartistic effect, a gilt star flashing from her blue turban, and dark hair streaming down her back. Her escort was the leader of the Philadelphians, Christopher Columbus Jones, a small, dried-up old man with long gray beard, a shabby jacket, a ruffled ancient beaver hat. Jones was perched high on the back of a cavorting coal black stallion, to which he clung desperately, with terror imaged in his face.

Behind him was his secretary, Clinton, also on a black horse, a tall, slim man, with another dilapidated high hat, an Aemerican flag, and a bearing which indicated that the destinies of the nation rested on his shoulders. After him was dragged a disreputable looking white bulldog, wearing a marroon blanket labelled "Coxey." The 60 Philadelphians dragging their cart brought up the rear. Most of the men carried tin cups or canteens strapped over their shoulders. Along the roadside through the woods were groups of uniformed veterans from the Soldiers' Home, a mile distant. Handsome carriages line the road, and one of them contained Congressman Sibley, of Pennsylvania, himself a Greenbacker like Coxey, with his family in.

Pennsylvania avenue, as the dusty procession who wheeled into it, looked more like a circus was in town than anything else. There were a number of excursionists on the street, mostly country people in their best clothes. The peanut stands did a thriving business and the circus lemonade was in demand. The nurse girl with a perambulator and the toy balloon were also features. The character of the crowd was wholly that of curious sight-seers, and showed no apprehension of any disorder or riot. On the corner of Fourteenth street was a knot of men with commonweal army badges on. But they were the men who marched with Coxey. One of them accosted a passing policeman as a familiar acquaintance.

Wanted to See.

Apparently both were bound to see the fun, and one had enlisted as a special policeman anl one in the army as having about equal chances of being in good positions to hear and see. There was little of actual interest in the walk up Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol grounds. Here the procession was deflected and moved up B street to the top of the hill, where a broad expanse of avenue sweep toward the east front of the capitol. This was Coxey's goal, and there was every preparation to turn into the avenue. But as the opening was reached a solid front of mounted policemen was seen. They stretched from curb to curb making ingress toward the capitol impossible. There was nothing to do but mow down the officers or go ahead.

Ruse of the Police.

The squad of police ahead of Coxey's carriage went straight ahead. It was a ruse to carry the procession past the capitol.

Coxey and his people showed their chagrin but followed B street. Hurried signals were passed from Coxey to Browne. It was clear they would not be thus led willingly away.

Half a block up B street Browne halted his column and dismounted. He turned over his horse to an attendant. Then he went to Coxey's carriage and spoke to the general. Coxey turned to get out but his wife tried to restrain him. He paused and kissed her.

Then he sprang from his carriage and made his way back toward the entrance to the Capitol. A howling mob was on his heels as the flank movement was appreciated. Browne followed bearing his banner. The rank and file of the army stood in the street. The squad of police suddenly discovered that Coxey had turned back. Quickly the officers spurred through the crowd after Coxey and Browne. The two had found B street impassable. Coxey sprang to the heavy stone paling which surrounds the foliage of the east front of the Capitol grounds and with a bound was inside the fence and lost amidst the tangled shrubbery. Browne followed. The mob shouted at their disappearance. The police were not to be daunted by this escape to the shrubbery.

Police After Coxey.

The first officer mounted on a fine bay reined his horse to the stone fence and then horse and rider cleared the fence and dashed into the shrubbery. The other mounted officers followed. Small trees, bushes and flower beds went down before the sweep of horsemen and the yelling crowd which followed. Coxey and Browne dodged through the bushes to the open area at the east front. Here a blue-coated mass awaited the oncomers. There was a crash as the fugitives, officers and mob from the street met the wall of officers and people in the open. The onslaught was so sudden that the officers broke for a moment. People surged and shouted. Coxey and Browne were lost for the time. The policemen stemmed the rush after a minute, during which one officer used his baton freely.

In the intense excitement of the rush Coxey had slipped unobserved through the struggling mass, and before any one knew it was bounding up the east front entrance to the capitol. He was up to the tenth step before he was recognized. Then the officers closed in above him and his further passage was barred. The great crowd now recognized him, and a shout went up from every corner of the vast assemblage. Coxey turned to the crowd and raised his hat. He was deathly pale. Captain Garden, of the capitol police, stepped to one side of him, and Lieutenant Kelly, of the city police, was at his other arm. The officers formed solidly about him. The crowd below was kept back by menacing clubs.

"What do you want to do here?" asked Captain Garden.

"I wish to make an address," responded General Coxey, his voice showing intense emotion.

"But you cannot do that," said Captain Garden, quietly but firmly, and moved him away.

Two policemen threw themselves upon Browne, grabbed his flag of peace, and smashed the staff, seized Browne by the shoulders and thrust him through the crowd several hundred feet to the sidewalk. Clubs were seen descending upon men's shoulders in the crush, but whether Browne was hit could not be seen. As the two officers rushed him through the crowd he was seen trying to shelter his head as though he expected blows, and could be heard shouting: "I am an American citizen: I stand on my constitutional rights." Despite his constitutional rights, the marshal was taken to the police station.

The honor of rescuing the army fell to the humble bass drummer, for he started the first humble and regular "boom" upon the instrument and the commonwealers fell into step and with Coxey bowing to the right and left amid wild cheers, the procession turned down Second street to the south and started the march to the new camp in the malarious region by the James creek canal in the extreme southern part of the city.

HE IS IN HEPSIDAM.

Gen. Coxey Has Reached the Land of Canaan.

Camp George Washington, Brightwood Park, D. C., April 30.—Although they had pitched their tents in the promised land, the Commonwealers of Christ have not found it a land flowing with milk and honey. The morning sunlight thawed out a stiff and cold and hungry lot of tourists after the first night passed in the District of Columbia. Many of the rank and file had stretched their limbs unprotected on the bare ground within the enclosure of canvas which circles their quarters. Their leaders, Gen. Coxey and Marshal Carl Browne, were down in the city three miles below, ensconced in the luxurious surroundings of a three dollar a day hotel. The shabby tents only provided accommodation for the commune leaders and privileged characters of the retinue, and as for the privates, they swarmed like rats into the commissary wagons, while others simply dropped to sleep, without blankets or covering, on Mother Earth.

There was a scramble for the shelter of the horse sheds in which Coxey's high-priced stallions were stalled. Stallions fetch a market price and it is necessary that they should be rubbed down, bedded, watered and fed. Men have not been exchangeable for legal tender in these parts since "Befo' de wah," and it goes to no one's loss but their own if they drop off.

One contingent of Wealers was provided for in the long shed attached to the club house of the racing track near by. The landlord of the house had dumped a load of bristling, thorny rye straw into the shed, and upon this a half hundred privates made their bivouac. They snuggled into the straw like sardines in a box and declared that no such luxury had been thrust upon them since they started from the historic precincts of Massillon. For the others, Camp George Washington might better have been titled Valley Forge.

ARE HAVING A FINE TIME.

Col. Galvin and His Force Feted at Columbus.

Columbus, O., April 28.—Governor McKinley has ordered Battery H, of this city, Capt. Frank T. Stewart, to report at its armory preparatory to going to Mt. Sterling, if necessary, to clear a B. & O. freight train of Galvin's contingent of Coxey men. The battery has gatling guns and cannon. The governor has ordered Companies A, B, C and F, of the 14th O. N. G. Col. Colt, of this city, to report also ready to proceed at 9:30 a. m. if necessary at Mt. Sterling. These are all Columbus companies, and with the battery, will number about 150 men, some of the members being out of town, and so scattered as not to be available to-day. Col. Colt himself was at Chillicothe, but hastened home.

The governor's action is based on the fact that S. P. Peabody, general agent and Superintendent Graham, of the B. & O. railroad, said they had not been able to get a freight train through Mt. Sterling for two days, and that the sheriff of Madison county, with one company of the 14th regiment right in Mt. Sterling and at his disposal under the law, had refused or was afraid to act. This Mt. Sterling company has about 30 men. The men in possession of the train number about 200 men. The battery will take its Gatling gun.

Troops at Mt. Sterling.

The troops arrived at Mt. Sterling at 12:40 p. m. Adjt. Gen. Howe immediately took command.

At 1 o'clock troops mounted the cars. The Galvins scrambled off and the train moved away. No shots were fired.

Columbus, April 30.—Colonel Galvin says his army will leave here tomorrow some time. If the men go out in passenger cars as seems probable now he wants them to wash up and present a better appearance. Nearly $500 is now in sight for them here, and passenger agents are beginning to solicit business from them. It is believed that money enough will be raised here to send them to Washington in cheap cars. Colonel Galvin was observed eating porterhouse steak in a prominent cafe here last night, and the whole army is feasting at the expense of the Columbus trades assembly.

The explanation of the friendly feeling of labor organizations toward the Galvanites lies in their platform of principles which is entirely different from that of Coxey. The preamble is long. Here is the resolution: Therefore, we as patriotic American citizens, have organized ourselves into an industrial army for the purpose of centralizing all the unemployed American citizens at the seat of government, and tender our services to feed, clothe and shelter the nation's needy, and to accomplish this end we make the following demand upon the government: First—Government employment for all unemployed citizens. Second The prohibition of foreign immigration for ten years. Third—That no alien be allowed to own real estate in the United States.

KELLY AT DES MOINES.

Iowa's Capital in a State of Excitement Over Their Arrival.

Des Moines, Iowa, April 30.—Des Moines is in a state of intense excitement over the arrival of Kelly's industrial army. The men had marched 27 miles Saturday night without food, and were held by the police five miles outside of the city in a driving rain storm all day with no provisions or shelter. The action of the authorities aroused much indignation among the laboring people, and when at 5 o'clock last evening the army finally marched

KELLEY'S STANDARD BEARER.

up Grand avenue to the camp on the east side of town wet, haggard and weary, their pitiable condition aroused sympathy almost as great as that which was theirs in Council Bluffs. A mass meeting of laboring men has been called for to-day. Committees are at work soliciting food and money and threats are made that unless transportation is furnished to Chicago, vigorous steps will be taken. During the past 24 hours the army has undergone greater hardships than at any time since it left Utah, but notwithstanding the severe test not fifteen men were missing when Des Moines was reached.

MAY CAUSE A TIE-UP.

Refusal of the Railroads to Carry Kelly's Army.

Des Moines, Ia., April 30.—Rumors of a general tie-up of all the railroads running into Des Moines were rife today, and railroad officials who have been in a state of apprehension since Kelly started from Council Bluffs were much exercised.

Labor leaders said to-day that if Kelly was not furnished with transportation within three or four days the strike would spread to all the roads here, and that the tie-up would continue until the army was carried to Chicago. General Superintendent Dunlop, of the Rock Island road, said he had heard of the Railway Union's action, but was certain that this organization could not tie up the road unless other unions come to its assistance, and that he did not anticipate such action. The rumor of the proposed strike augmented the excitement which exists in Des Moines, and the authorities were as anxious today as yesterday.

INDUSTRIALS UNDER ARREST.

They Seized a Union Pacific Train at Troutdale on Saturday.

Portland, Ore., April 30.—The Portland contingent of Coxey's army, who seized a Union Pacific train at Troutdale Saturday and were arrested by United States troops at Arlington, were brought back to this city early yesterday morning.

Gen. Gibbon, General Schofield, with Quarter Master General Brackenridge and 50 others, were taken to jail, and the remainder were placed under guard of the regular troops.

GEN. RANDALL STARTED TO-DAY.

Ten Companies of Commonwealers March Out of Chicago.

Chicago, May 1.—Randall's contingent of the commonweal army began its march to-day. There were ten companies all organized in Chicago and making altogether about 400 men. A brass band was expected but it did not report and the advance began without music. A large banner was carried in a wagon at the head of the column.

The march was from headquarters in a cooper shop on Rawson street in the northern part of the city and led through the business district. The first destination aimed at was Grand Crossing, near the head of Lake Michigan and close to the Indiana state line.

Mrs. Dr. Greer and two children, dressed in white, rode at the head of the column in an open carriage. Gen. Randall followed on his bay charger. A squad of police under the command of Capt. Cox cleared the way and led the army through the streets.

THEY SAW U. S. REGULARS.

Gen. Dolphin and His Soldiers Were Greatly Surprised.

Spokane, Wash., May 1.—When Dolphin's regiment of commonwealers passed from their barracks this morning they were surprised to see 200 United States soldiers. They had come in before sunrise from Fort Sherman, 30 miles distant.

At 1:20 a. m., they received telegraphic orders from General Otis at Vancouver, and at 5 o'clock they were in Spokane. They brought 20 day's rations, and went into camp in the outskirts of town. The plan is to have them here in a position to be dispatched either east or west to protect trains against seizure.

They Are at Sacramento.

Sacramento, Cal., April 28.—Eleven hundred and sixty men of the California industrial army, second regiment, landed at New Hope to-day, and walked to Walnut Grove, headed for Sacramento. Three women were in the party. They will reach Sacramento late to-night or to-morrow morning.

FOREIGN.

WHAT IS THIS?

Looking for a British Samoan Protectorate.

London, April 26.—The movement looking to a British protectorate over the Samoan islands is no longer disguised, but is going on in a manner which would seem to indicate that Great Britain believes she will be supported by Germany in the matter. To all appearances some secret understanding exists between Germany and England in regard to Samoa, and it would seem that this understanding includes the United States.

A person high in authority here, who was questioned by a representative of the Associated Press in regard to the attitude of Great Britain and Germany in the attempt being made by New Zealand to assume the administration of the Samoan islands, stated to-day that the protectorate movement upon the part of Great Britain was progressing with the sanction of the United States government, which is represented as caring nothing as to who manages Samoa, so long as the rights of the United States under the Berlin treaty are continued.

Color is given to this assertion by the United States ambassador, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, who, in an interview to-day, spoke in the highest terms of Sir John Thurston, governor of the Fiji islands, and British commissioner for the western Pacific. Mr. Bayard is quoted as saying: "The presence and counsels of a man of such ability would, in my opinion, offer a happy solution to the present difficulties."

EVICTED TENANTS BILL PUBLIC.

Text of Sir William Harcourt's Measure Now Published.

London, April 26.—The text of the evicted tenants' bill which was introduced in the House of Commons on Thursday last by Sir William Harcourt, is published. The bill provides that where a tenancy holding in Ireland has been terminated since May, 1879, the former tenant may, within a year after the beginning of the present act, petition the board of arbitration for reinstatement. The board may make a conditional order of reinstatement, and unless the landlord, within the prescribed time, shows cause against the order, the board of arbitration may make the order absolute.

If the landlord shows cause why the board of arbitration should hear the parties, and after considering whether the conduct of either the landlord or the tenant is unreasonable, or whether the one has unreasonably refused any proposal made by the other, the board may dismiss the petition or make the order absolute and order the sheriff to put the petitioner in possession.

The rent of the holding is to be the former rent, subject to a fair rent being fixed in pursuance to the land law of 1881, and the holders have the same right as other holders of present tenancies to have a fair rent fixed.

The Great Earthquake.

Athens, April 30.—The official reports from the earthquake stricken districts in no wise minimize the first accounts of the disaster. The whole coast line from the ancient port of Larymna to Thermopylae suffered terribly.

Two hundred and thirty-three bodies have already been recovered. About 500 were injured. The people of Atalanta have fled to the hills for safety. In this district there was a continuous series of shocks. In seven hours and a half 265 were counted. When the earth movements began, and houses beann to totter and fall, many of the inhabitants forgot everything except their personal safety. They ran wildly from the doomed city and sought a firm standing place on the hills that rise behind the town. The earth swung to and fro like a pendulum, and between the swings would tremble and quiver. Great fissures opened over an area of ten square kilometres.

Much damage was done along the shore by a seismic wave which encroached upon the coast for a distance of 20 metres. A number of houses were destroyed by this means, and there can be no doubt that lives were also lost. It will, perhaps be several days before an accurate list of the fatalities can be made up.

Huge masses of rock were detached from the mountains and hurled with thundering crash into the valleys below. Eyewitnesses of the scene describe it as having been an awe-inspiring exhibition of the mighty forces of nature, before which man was utterly helpless.

Deep subterranean rumblings and reports resembling the sound of cannon fired at a distance continue to be heard, and the people are in mortal fear that other and more severe shocks may follow. The shore on the Euboean side has sunk six feet. Other natural phenomena accompanied the disturbance.

IT IS GENUINE CHOLERA.

Report of Spanish Experts on the Epidemic in Portugal.

Madrid, April 26.—The sanitary inspector, sent to Lisbon by the Spanish government in order to inquire into the epidemic (classed as cholerine), which has prevailed there for some time past, after a long investigation and consultation with the eminent specialist, Professor Sousa, declares that the outbreak is one of true Asiatic cholera.

The sanitary inspector, in his report, also traces the source of the epidemic, saying that it was imported to Lisbon from the Cape de Verde Islands.

Contrary to the statement issued by the Portuguese government and published yesterday there were 225 fresh cases of cholera reported during the 24 hours ending last evening.

It is Officially Admitted.

Lisbon, April 26.—It is now officially admitted that the recent sickness classed as cholerine is really cholera, but it is described as being of a mild nature.

COMPLICITY WITH ANARCHISTS.

French Employe of the War Office Has Been Arrested.

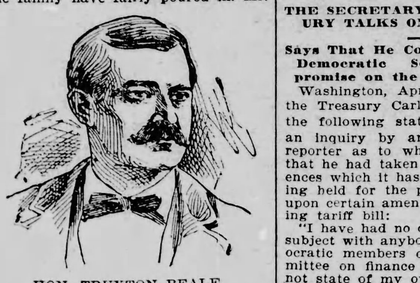
Paris, April 26.—An employe of the French war office named Feneon, has

WASHINGTON.

WERE MARRIED MONDAY.

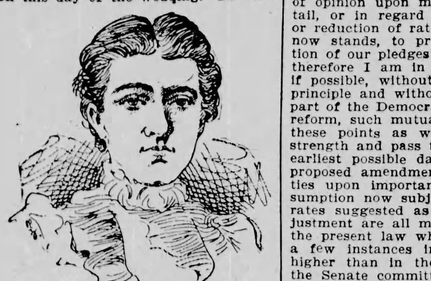
Harriet Blaine and the Hon. Truxton Beale.

Washington, April 30.—Miss Harriet Blaine, daughter of the late James G. Blaine is to be married to-day to the well-known diplomat, Hon. Truxton Beale. Miss Blaine will have as elegant an array of wedding presents as any bride in America. The costly tokens from her friends and those of the family have fairly poured in. Mr.



HON. TRUXTON BEALE.

and Mrs. Carnegie have sent an elegant wedding present. Many of the gifts come from abroad, not only from personal friends of the late secretary of State, but of the groom, whose acquaintance for a man of his age is a most extensive one in this country and Europe. The marriage will take place at noon to-day. The officiating clergyman will be Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith, as Miss Blaine is a member of St. John's church. The decorations of the large front drawing-room on the second floor, in which the ceremony will be performed, will be of similar nature to those at the marriage a few years since of Miss Margaret Blaine to Mr. Damrosch. The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Damrosch, who is a great favorite of the bride-elect, will be her attendant on this day of the wedding. The few



MISS HARRIET BLAINE.

personal friends of the bride asked to be present at the ceremony will attend the wedding breakfast, which will be served in the dining-room on the left of the entrance on the first floor. Mr. Damrosch will play the wedding march. Mrs. Edward Beale, mother of the groom-elect, has sent to her prospective daughter-in-law a valuable gift, in the form of a large sun-burst of diamonds. Mrs. John McLean, his sister, has sent a watch set in blue enamel, with sapphires and diamonds. Mrs. Hitt's gift is a tiara of diamonds, set with emeralds and pearls.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, April 24.—General debate on the tariff bill in the Senate today was closed by Senator Mills, of Texas, who spoke for a couple of hours in his usual brilliant manner. He directed more of his argument to the principle of tariff reform than the pending bill. In the House discussion continued on the diplomatic appropriation bill, Mr. Quigg, of New York, taking an active part in the debate.

Washington, April 25.—The consideration of the tariff bill by paragraphs began in the Senate. Not much was accomplished, except a pretty lively skirmish between the Republican and Democratic Senators who have charge of their respective sides. Mr. Harris's request for unanimous consent that the Senate sit until 6 o'clock until the tariff bill is disposed of was objected to, and a motion to that effect went over until Thursday.

In the House, debate continued on the diplomatic appropriation bill.

Washington, April 26.—Senators Harris and Vest on one side and Aldrich on the other, occupied most of the time of the Senate in wrangling. The House debated the diplomatic appropriation bill.

Washington, April 27.—Senators Lindsay, of Kentucky, and Dolph, of Oregon, held down the floor in the Senate in the debate on the tariff bill to-day. The House considered the private calendar.

Washington, April 28.—The tariff skirmish was continued in the Senate. Nothing particularly eventful took place In the House the army appropriation bill was debated.

Washington, April 30.—The Democrats in the Senate lost their temper in the debate to-day and generally got rattled. Mr. Turpie, of Indiana, made an exhibition of himself by a personal attack on Mr. Aldrich, who had been leading the movements for the Republicans. Mr. Aldrich made no reply, except to remark that the Senator would not have made the speech if he had thought what he was saying. The House considered the army appropriation bill.

INTERESTING MARRIAGE FIGURES

Which Have Been Collected and Assorted by the Census Bureau.

Washington, April 28.—The first data on coniugal life in the United States ever gathered by the government is given in a census bulletin today. It shows that of a total population of 62,662,250 in 1890, almost three-fifths were single, a little more than one-third married, and not quite one-twentieth were widowed. The divorces constituted a small fraction of one per cent.

The actual numbers of the classes are as follows: Single, 37,129,564; married, 22,331,424; widowed, 2,970,052; divorced, 120,996, and unknown, 70,214. The males constituted over 51 per cent of the total population. Of 32,067,880 males in the country, 19,945,576 were single, 11,205,228 married, 815,437 widowed, and 49,101 divorced. Of the females, 17,183,988 were single; 11,126,196 married, 2,154,515 widowed, and 71,895 divorced. The proportion of widows by the report was nearly three times as great as of widowers, indicating that a greater proportion of widowers re-marry than widows, while figures show that divorced men have re-married to a greater extent than divorced women.

Of the married males there were 23 out of 11,290,008 under 15 years of age; 585,748 out of 3,104,893 between 20 and 24 years; 1,728,930 out of 2,425,664 between 30 and 34 years, and 869,925 out of 1,233,719 65 years and over. Of married females there were 1,411 out of 10,952,192 under 15 years; 313,983 out of 3,308,852 from 15 to 19 years; 1,444,712 out of 3,091,783 from 20 to 24 years; 1,805,064 out of 2,520,466 from 25 to 29 years; 1,717,204 out of 2,152,966 from 30 to 34 years; 2,698,266 out of 3,346,031 from 35 to 44 years; 1,796,379 out of 2,430,878 from 45 to 54 years; 903,627 out of 1,499,997 from 55 to 64 years, and 418,399 out of 1,183,569 65 years and over.

CONGRESS COULD NOT ASSIST HER

For the Old Lady Had Passed Into Another Country.

Washington, April 28.—Twenty-one private pension bills passed tell the story of the day's work in the House. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, who has been harrassing the Democratic side daily for a week to force action on these pension bills, finally succeeded yesterday, through the aid of Mr. Pickler (S. D.), who has been acting with him, and the bills were passed in 21 minutes. The beneficiary of one of the bills, an old lady of 96, totally blind, the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812, had died since her bill was reported from last Friday night's session. When it was read and about to be placed upon its passage, Mr. Taylor, of Indiana, interrupted.

"Never mind, Mr. Speaker," said he, "that bill can be laid aside; the old lady is dead." The members who had been chatting and laughing stopped. There was a moment of silence. The relief for which the old lady had been striving so long, was at hand, but like many other Congressional claims, it came too late. Congress could no longer give her relief.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY TALKS ON THE TARIFF.

Says That He Consulted With the Democratic Senators—A Compromise on the Income Tax.

Washington, April 30.—Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle has authorized the following statement in reply to an inquiry by an Associated Press reporter as to whether it were true that he had taken part in the conferences which it has been said were being held for the purpose of agreeing upon certain amendments to the pending tariff bill:

"I have had no conference upon this subject with anybody except the Democratic members of the Senate committee on finance and therefore cannot state of my own personal knowledge what has occurred in any other conferences that may have taken place, it is true that an effort is being made to agree upon such changes in the pending bill as will secure for it the united and active support of all the Democrats in the Senate. The indications now are that this support can and will be secured without making radical changes in the rates of duty or material alterations in the form or structure of the tariff schedules as they were passed by the House of Representatives. In fact I regard most of the changes now under consideration as quite unimportant.

While the remainder are not of such a character as substantially to affect the bill as a measure for the reformation of the worst features of existing legislation upon this subject, I do not think we ought to permit differences of opinion upon mere matters of detail, or in regard to small increases or reduction of rates in the bill as it now stands, to prevent the redemption of our pledges to the people, and therefore I am in favor of securing, if possible, without any surrender of principle and without abandoning any part of the Democratic policy of tariff reform, such mutual concessions upon these points as will consolidate our strength and pass the measure at the earliest possible date. So far as the proposed amendments relative to duties upon important articles of consumption now subject to a duty, the rates suggested as the basis for adjustment are all much lower than in the present law while there are only a few instances in which they are higher than in the bill reported by the Senate committee.

"By far the most important single article upon which a change of duty is now proposed is sugar, raw and refined, and it is strenuously contended by persons interested in the production of this article that the specific rates already in the bill, as reported by the Senate committee, are higher than the ad valorem rates which it is now proposed to insert. Whether this is correct or not depends upon the price of sugar in the foreign markets from time to time and therefore it is not possible to make an exactly accurate statement upon the subject; but I am satisfied that the difference, if any, between the specific rates heretofore proposed and the ad valorem rate now under consideration, is so small as to be of no material consequence either way. At any rate, I think that differences of opinion upon this question, which have always been troublesome and vexatious should not be allowed to defeat the passage of the tariff bill, and I believe this is the opinion of all intelligent and sincere advocates of revenue reform.

"Are any changes proposed in that part of the bill which relates to the income tax?" was asked.

"It is well known," said the secretary, "that there has been ffrom the beginning considerable opposition to the proposed income tax, even among those who have voted for and supported the bill with that feature in it.

"Much of this opposition has been based upon the provisions of the bill which prescribe the methods of ascertaining and collecting the tax, some of which are alleged to be arbitrary and inquisitorial. In my opinion, many of these objectionable provisions ought to be and can be safely omitted from the bill, and other changes can be made, which the advocates of an income tax can consistently accept, and which will, at the same time remove the principal objections of its opponents and secure their support for the bill.

"This method of securing revenue has never before been resorted to by the government of the United States, except in time of war, when it was absolutely necessary to utilize every means within its reach, and there are many patriotic citizens who are not satisfied that its adoption as a permanent part of our system is justifiable in time of peace, when no great emergency exists. This view of the subject could be fairly met, I think, by limiting the operation of the law to a reasonable period—say five years—so that it could be fully upon the country could be thoroughly tested, leaving the people to decide hereafter, in the light of the experience thus acquired, whether it shall be continued, or expire by its own terms. The power to repeal always exists, and the power to re-enact can promptly be exercised if the majority of the people approve the measure."

AMENDING THE TARIFF BILL.

The Senate Finance Committee is Ready to Suit Everyone.

Washington, April 26.—The Democratic members of the Senate committee on finance held a meeting to-day for the purpose of conferring over the proposed changes in the tariff bill, which have been under consideration for several days past. Secretary Carlisle was before the committee. There is no room for doubt that the committee agreed upon a policy with reference to the tariff bill, but all parties to the conference are very reticent as to the proceedings. It is known that some changes in the income tax were agreed to, and it is also known that this part of the bill in some shape will be retained.

It has been altered so as not to discriminate against persons who derive their income from corporations or business partnership, and other changes have also been made which, it is believed, will satisfy its opponents. There is good reason also for believing that amendments to many of the schedules have been agreed to. Secretary Carlisle is in sympathy with the efforts of the committee to obtain a bill that will surely pass by a party vote, and there is good reason for believing that the movement also has the sanction of the President.

U. S. TROOPS TO BE USED.

Gen. Schofield Issues General Orders to Western Commanders.

Washington, April 28.—National power is to be exercised to compel respect for the law in the far Northwest, where trains are being seized by commonwealers and the law being disregarded. ven. Schofield this afternoon sent orders to Col. Swaine at St. Paul, in command of the department of the Dakotas, and Gen. Otis, at Vancouver Barracks, in command of the Columbia, to use the troops under their command upon the application of the United States marshals in the states along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. In executing the processes of the courts.

Disbarred Pension Attorneys.

Washington, April 25.—Secretary Smith yesterday ordered the disbarment of six pension attorneys from practicing before the interior department. They are: John C. Chapman, New Haven, Conn.; P. H. Barker, Kansas City, Kas.; C. A. D. Hill, alias Albert D. Hill, Pensacola, Fla.; Christian Quien, Danbury, Ia.; James Cooley, Richwood and York, O.; and Wm. M. Bushfield, Cambridge, O. All of them were charged with violating the pension laws, principally for taking illegal fees and executing false vouchers.

PLAN OF REORGANIZATION.

Union Pacific Bondholders Have a New Scheme.

Washington, April 26.—Attorney General Olney to-day sent to Congress the draft of a bill prepared by the department of justice, as the representative of the government, for the reorganization of the Union Pacific Railway company, and the re-adjustment of the claims of the United States against the company.

The bill authorizes the secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, to receive in exchange for and in ultimate discharge of the present claims of the United States against the Union Pacific Railway company and the liens of the United States upon the railroads and properties of said company, the bond of said Union Pacific Railway company, to an amount equal to the aggregate of the indebtedness of said company to the United States, as of the first day of July, 1894, for the principal and interest of the bonds of the United States issued in aid of the construction of the Union Pacific railways, which bonds so to be received by the United States shall bear interest at the rate of 2 per cent perannum, and shall be secured by mortgage as hereinafter set forth. Such aggregate amount shall be computed and ascertained as follows:

First to the total amount of the principal of said bonds of the United States shall be added the interest which shall then have been paid and the interest then and thereafter payable by the United States thereon until the respective dates of the maturity of said bonds as if no payment had been made or credit given therecn.

Second—From the aggrgate amount so ascertained shall be abducted any and all payments or credits upon the said indebtedness to the United States as shall appear in the bond and interest accounts of said companies respectively with the United States as of July 1, 1894.

Third—The present worth of the balance so found shall be computed as of July 1, 1894, by discounting the said balance at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum for the period between said last mentioned date and the average date of maturity of said bonds of the United States The amount so computed and ascertained shall be deemed to be the amount due to the United States on July 1, 1894, and the bonds of said company shall be received by the United States as herein provided at par for said amount.

The bonds to be received by the United States are to run 100 years to mature July 1, 1994, and to draw 2 per cent per annum interest. The bonds shall be secured by a mortgage covering all the property, real, personal and mixed of the railway company. Under the terms of this mortgage the Union Pacific beginning with the year 1905 shall pay annually into the treasury sinking fund $1,650,000 default for six months to be cause for foreclosure. The funds and securities now in the hands of the treasury Union Pacific sinking fund shall be held as further security for the new bonds to be issued. The attorney general is given authority to co-operate with the Union Pacific re-organization committee now at work. The plan this committee shall agree on, it is provided, shall limit the annual fixed charges of the company to $8,500,000.

Bonds for the extension and development of the reorganized system, however, may be issued hereafter by consent of two-thirds of the board of directors of the company, the bonds to be subject to the general mortgage bonds. Power is given the company to issue preferred and common stock to an amount to be fixed by a majority of the stockholders. The existing first mortgage bonds now prior and superior to the government's lien.

JUDGE LONG'S PENSION.

No Answer Filed and It Will Go Down to Fifty Dollars.

Washington, April 27.—The period of 30 days allowed Judge Charles D. Long, of Michigan, to file additional evidence in his pension claim has expired. In accordance with the instructions of his counsel, Attorneys Baker, of Detroit, and Hopkins, of this city, Judge Long has not responded to the notice sent him by Commissioner Lochren to submit further evidence of right to a monthly pension of $72 instead of $50, the amount fixed under the commissioners construction of the law. It is said at the pension bureau that the counsel of the Michigan judge may appear at the bureau Monday morning to show cause why the reduction should not be made. This action on the part of legal advisers in the test case, however, will not be, and as no further evidence has been filed during the allotted time the pension will be at once cut down to $50 a month. The reduction will be contested and it is the determination of the counsel to ultimately carry the case to the United States Supreme court.

IS VERY POORLY VENTILATED.

Alarming State of Affairs in the House of Representatives.

Washington, May 1.—An alarming condition of affairs so far as the ventilation of the House of Representatives is concerned was shown in a report made by experts to the committee on vetilation and acoustics today. The report showed that 400,000 cubic feet of impure air comes up to the main floor from the cellar every hour, and that the good air that is forced through to the main floor of the House passes between gratings that are practically cuspidors and receptacles for bits of paper and other cast-off matter.

Besides this, the report showed that there are a large number of documents on the lower floor, many of which are in a state of decay, and the carpets on the House floor are saturated with filth and tobacco juice and need cleaning. The experts recommend as a remedy for this condition of affairs that air be pumped in from above the hall instead of from below, as now.

NO HOPE FOR WOOL MEN.

Senator Voorhees is Against Any Change in the Schedule.

Washington, April 27.—The advocates of a duty on wool were hopeful of accomplishing something in that direction as long as the Democratic Senators were all united in support of the tariff bill, but their hopes have been much dampened by the compromise which has been virtually arranged by the Democrats. Senator Voorhees has written a letter on the free wool question to a Chicago friend, in which he says that it is manifestly absurd to suppose that the 11 cents duty on wool has at any time for many years past been of service to the grower, and the prices which have ruled within the last year, as low as one and one-half cents a pound in the grease, prove my assertion.

CHARGES FOR GRAIN STORING.

Case Argued in the United States Supreme Court Thursday.

Washington, April 27.—A case involving the rights of a state to fix charges for storing and insuring grain in a private elevator with surplus room for public storage was argued in the Supreme court of the United States yesterday. The case is that of Norman Brass, plaintiff in error, vs. the state of North Dakota, and comes to the Supreme court on an appeal from the decision of a state court sustaining the right of the state to regulate the charges referred to it. It differs from the Illinois cases, heretofore decided by the Supreme court, wherein the elevators were built exclusively for public business.

WILL IT GO THROUGH?

Agreement Entered Into by Democratic Senators.

Washington, April 27.—The principal changes to be made in the tariff bill in accordance with the agreement made yesterday by the Democratic senators are in the income tax and the sugar schedule. Sugar men have been from the first clamorous for an ad valorem instead of a specific duty, and that change has been conceded. The details have not been absolutely fixed, but there is little doubt that the sugar schedule will be entirely supplanted by a new one which will provide a uniform duty of 40 per cent. ad valorem with an addition of 1-8 of a cent for refined sugar.

The principal change in the income tax is a provision for the limitation of the time that the law shall remain in operation. This is another matter of detail, which has not been absolutely agreed upon, but the principle having been conceded the senators who have the compromise in hand do not consider that there is any possibility of failure on account of the period. It will probably be about five or six years. There will be no change in the rate of taxation, which will be left at 2 per cent. on amounts in excess of $4,000.

A number of changes in the rate of duty will be made in the iron schedule, in which there will be a slight advance over the rates fixed by the pending bill. Carpets will also secure an advance. In many cases the rates fixed in the House bill will replace those of the bill reported to the Senate by the finance committee.

Another material concession which will be made to the disaffected senators will be the restoration of the specific system in many places where the finance committee changed the House bill by the substitution of ad valorem duty. The manufacturers have made especial complaint of the ad valorem system because of the opportunity which they say it offers for fraud. Their senators have supported them in this representation, and the finance committee, while still retaining their confidence in the fairness of ad valorem methods, have decided to yield the point in many instances, for the sake of harmony and with the hope of securing the support of the united party in the Senate.

There will be no change in the rates fixed on iron ore, lead ore, or coal, and wood will remain on the free list. The whisky tax as reported by the finance committee will also be undisturbed.

It is understood that the entire Democratic majority of the finance committee is in hearty accord upon the wisdom of the proposed changes. Senator Jones, of Arkansas, has taken the initiative and performed the greater part of the work of effecting the compromise by getting the dissatisfied senators to state what they wanted and bringing them together, and also by securing the assent and co-operation of the President and Secretary Carlisle. The Conservatives, with the one exception of Senator Hill, who is absent from the city, have been fully consulted at the various stages of the negotiation, and it is understood that with the amendments added to the bill it will receive their cordial support. They have given assurances to this effect, and those supposed to be authorized to speak for Senator Hill say they also have assurance of his support.

HAVE NOT BEEN CONSULTED.

Democratic House Leaders on the Senate Tariff Changes.

Washington, April 28.—The Democratic tariff leaders of the House have not been consulted upon the tariff compromise made among Democratic Senators. Leading members of the ways and means committee do not even know the terms of the compromise. Representatives Breckenridge, of Arkansas, Montgomery, Bynum, Bryan and Turner, of the committee, made statements to this effect. Most of the other Democrats are out of town. Representative Montgomery conversed yesterday with the tariff Senators, but could not learn if any formal compromise had been reached.

A leading member of the ways and means committee said that the lack of information among the House leaders showed that the Senators were shaping their bill to the needs of the Senate, without reference to the standing it might have in the House.

From this it is concluded that the Senators will pass their bill in their own way, and then depend on a conference committee to protect the changes they have made from further alteration by the House.

To Print Foreign Statistics.

Washington, April 26.—Secretary Carlisle has sent to the House of Representatives a letter from Mr. Worthington C. Ford, the chief of the bureau of statistics, requesting authority for printing an annual statistical abstract of foreign countries. In his letter, Mr. Ford says many inquiries are addressed to the bureau for statistics bearing upon the commerce, industry and general economic factors of European and other foreign countries. The number of these inquiries is constantly increasing, and makes a continually greater demand upon the clerical force.

For Fifteen Torpedo Boats.

Washington, April 26.—The Senate committee on naval affairs yesterday authorized the chairman to prepare an amendment to the naval appropriation bill to provide for the construction of fifteen torpedo boats for coast defense. This section was based upon the provision in the naval bill directing that the $450,000 appropriated in 1889 and never used, for the construction of a cruiser like the Vesuvius, be diverted for the construction of three torpedo boats.

Silver Product Figures.

Washington, April 27.—The estimates by the director of the mint of the silver product of the United States for 1893, give a total of $60,000,000, as against $74,995,000 for 1892. Increases are shown in Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, North Carolina, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas and Washington, while in all the other states and territories the figures show a decrease of production.

For Colored Republicans.

Washington, April 28.—The McKinley Tariff League, which has its headquarters in Washington, has issued a call for a convention of the colored Republican clubs of the United States to be held here the first Monday in July. Each club will be represented by two delegates and one alternate. The league is endorsed by the Republican Congressional campaign committee. Lewis Wells is its president, and responses to the call should be sent to him at 828 Second street, Southwest.

Committed for Contempt.

Omaha, Neb., April 25.—Edwin Rosewater, editor of the Bee, was to-day sentenced to imprisonment for 30 days and to pay a fine of $500 for alleged contempt of court. Without being given an opportunity to defend himself, Mr. Rosewater was ordered to be taken to jail and once, and for six hours he was behind the bars of the Douglas county jail. At 6 o'clock the Supreme court granted a supersedes, and Mr. Rosewater was released until the case can be carried to the higher courts.

The alleged offense committed by Mr. Rosewater was in allowing to be printed in the Bee, a local article in which it was stated that there was evidently some partiality shown to certain criminals in the District court. Of the two men caught robbing a railroad depot, the poor man was sentenced to prison and the son of wealthy parents was given his liberty without allowing the case coming to trial. The facts in the case were not denied, but Judge C. R. Scott, who had dismissed the case in question felt aggrieved at the word "pull" used in the article, and had the reporter who wrote the matter brought before him for contempt. After a disgraceful scene in court, the reporter was sent up for thirty days, and then Judge Scott concluded to arraign the editor of the paper on the same charge.

Will Defeat Congressman Bynum.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 25.—Charles L. Henry, of Anderson, was nominated here to-day by the Republicans of this, the Seventh (Bynum's) district. He had no opposition. He was Bynum's opponent in 1892.

MICHIGAN'S SENIOR LEGISLATOR PASSES AWAY SUDDENLY.

He Had Been Ill at His Nephew's Residence in Chicago for Several Weeks—The End Came Quietly.

Chicago, May 1.—Senator Francis B. Stockbridge, of Michigan, died suddenly at the residence of his nephew, J. L. Houghtaling, last evening. The Senator expired while seated in a chair in his sleeping room. Three weeks ago Senator and Mrs. Stockbridge came to Chicago from their home in Kalamazooo. Mich., intend-

SENATOR STOCKBRIDGE.

ing to go to the Pacific coast to visit the California fair. It was their intention to spend a day or two at the home of their nephew and then start for the West.

Yesterday evening at 7 o'clock the Senator was left alone in his room with a nurse, the other members of the household being at dinner. At about 7:30 the Senator arose from his chair to walk across the room, when he was suddenly attacked with pains in his left side. He made no outcry, but with his hands clasped over his heart and his face showing that he was suffering intense pain, he hastily returned to his chair.

The nurse at once called the family from the dining room, and Mrs. Stockbridge and Mr. and Mrs. Houghtaling were quickly at his side. Within a few seconds after they reached him, the Senator became unconscious and sank rapidly. Physicians were hastily summoned and restoratives were applied, but it was of no avail.

The Senator sank rapidly, and in a very short time breathed his last. While he has been very ill, it was at no time thought his condition was dangerous, and his death was entirely unlooked for. A combination of heart and stomach troubles was announced as the cause of his death.

Senator Stockbridge was one of the millionaire lumber kings of Michigan. He was born in Bath, Me., April 9, 1826, and was in his sixty-ninth year. After receiving a common school education, he clerked until 1843 in Boston. In 1847 he started a lumber yard and saw mill in Chicago, and in 1851 removed to Allegan county, Michigan, opening extensive mills. He rapidly acquired a fortune, which increased ever since. Mr. Stockbridge was generally respected and admired by his neighbors, but always refused political office, with the exception of a term in the legislature in 1869, and in the state Senate in 1871. In 1887 he was elected United States Senator to succeed Omar D. Conger, and took his seat in December, 1887. Senator Stockbridge was one of the three Republican Senators who finally ended the long contest over the confirmation of L. Q. C. Lamar as associate justice of the supreme court by voting for him. The other two were Sawyer, of Wisconsin, long his crony and intimate friend, and Stewart, of Nevada. Mr. Stockbridge was unanimously re-elected Senator in 1893, and his term would have expired March 3, 1899. Although not a debater, Mr. Stockbridge stood high in party and Senatorial counsels, and his loss will be severely felt by all of his colleagues.

FRANK HATTON IS DEAD.

Brilliant Editor of the Washington Post Passes Away.

Washington, May 1.—Ex-Postmaster General Frank Hatton, editor of the Washington Post, died at 4:30 yesterday afternoon.

Less than a week ago, last Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Hatton,who apparently had been in good health, was suddenly stricken with paralysis while working alone at his desk. With great difficulty, for his speech was impaired by the attack, he succeeded in summoning assistance, and was at once removed to his home. The gravity of the case was fully realized by his friends, but some intervals of consciousness and signs of rallying even as late as Sunday gave hope that he might still recover. But his physicians held out little encouragement and looked for the worst. The last fatal change was manifest yesterday morning when the dread symptoms of Bright's disease appeared. The virus spread rapidly and soon reached the heart. There was no pain because the faculties were deadened by the destroying agent, and at 4:30 o'clock, unconscious of the presence of his wife and son and in spite of all that medical aid could accomplish, Mr. Hatton expired.

The details of the funeral arrangements have not yet been fully completed, but it is decided that the interment will be in Rock Creek cemetery on Thursday. At the deathbed were Mrs. Hatton, Richard Hatton, the only child, Mr. and Mrs. Beriah Wilkins, John D. O'Connor, Mr. Hatton's confidential secretary, Dr. Sewers, the attending physician, and the trained nurse.

Frank Hatton was born in Cambridge, O., April 28, 1846. At the outbreak of the rebellion he enlisted in the Ninety-eighth Ohio infantry and in 1864 was commissioned first lieutenant. When the war came to a close Mr. Hatton in the town of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., edited the Journal from 1869 to 1874, and then removed to Burlington, Ia., where he purchased a controlling interest in the Hawkeye, his partner being Robert J. Burdette, the humorist. Mr. Hatton's first federal office was that of postmaster at Burlington, for some years prior to 1881 when President Arthur appointed him assistant postmaster general. In that capacity he served from October, 1881, until October, 1884, when the retirement of Judge Gresham from the office of Postmaster General brought about Mr. Hatton's promotion to a seat in the cabinet. He continued to be postmaster general until the close of Gen. Arthur's administration and was properly proud of the fact that with the exception of Alexander Hamilton he was the youngest Cabinet officer in the history of the United States government.

In the summer of 1885 he removed to Chicago to become editor-in-chief of the Chicago Mail. In 1888 Mr. Hatton returned to this city and in partnership with Beriah Wilkins, purchased the Washington Post, of which he has been editor-in-chief ever since.

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON

Files a Claim for $5,200 for His Cattle Which Were Killed.

New York, May 1.—Ex-Vice President Levi P. Morton has filed with the court of claims at Albany a demand for $5,200 for 19 of the finest Guernsey cattle in the country, which were killed by the state board of health under the tuberculosis law. It is at the discretion of the court to make awards for cattle so killed.

The claim of Mr. Morton is the first to be filed, and the other owners of fancy herds who have suffered losses are watching with interest what will be done with it. If it is allowed then claims aggregating $75,000 will be filed.

WIPED OUT BY FIRE.

The Town of Bolton, Miss., Suffers Great Disaster.

Vicksburg, Miss., May 1.—The town of Bolton, thirty miles from here, has suffered the destruction of its business section by fire of incendiary origin. The loss is about $50,000.

Cuticura

Works Wonders In Curing Torturing Disfiguring Skin Diseases

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FLEETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA BEGIN PATROL DUTY.

Rendezvous at Port Townsend—Date Set for Departure—American Fleet Headed by the Mohican.

San Francisco, April 30.—The fleet which is expected to guard the seal territory is expected to leave Port Townsend to-morrow for active work. Commander Charles E. Clarke, the present commander of the Mohican, is in command of the fleet. The vessels —all of which have received sailing orders—are ready for the service be-

U. S. STEAMER MOHICAN.

fore them. The Mohican will be the flagship. The other naval vessels of the fleet will be the Yorktown, Bennington, Concord, Adams, Ranger, Alert and Petrel. The revenue marine service will furnish three ships. The fish commission's ship Albatross also joins the fleet.

Secretary Herbert has sent out instructions for the commanders of the fleet. The orders define the duties of the captains of the several ships, and specifically direct what vessels are to be seized during the summer, and what disposition is to be made of them when caught in the act of poaching. This year's orders are more severe and explicit than those heretofore issued from the navy department. Those to the commander of each vessel are confidential to a great extent. Nominally, at least, the fleet will be under the direction of Rear Admiral Walker. It is quite likely, however, that all special directions will emanate from the navy department.

Secretary Herbert also furnished Sir Julian with a complete list of officers of the line who are on the Amer-

U. S. STEAMER CORWIN.

ican patrol vessels, including all grades, from captains to cadets, who might possibly be called upon to command, and all these officers will be authorized by the queen, under the provisions of the parliamentary act, to seize vessels flying the British flag in forbidden waters.

The detailed instructions will not be made public. They provide explicitly for the enforcement of the President's proclamation upon the findings of the Paris tribunal and the legislation of Congress and Parliament.

Six American and British vessels will guard the seals as they proceed on the annual onward journey along the coast during this month and the early part of June. Twelve American and four British vessels will constitute the fleet actually guarding Bering sea by the middle of July.

SHOT BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

An Irish Girl Murdered in the Streets of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, O., April 25.—Mary Gilmartin, a clerk employed by the Pulvermacher Belt company, on Sycamore street, was shot and killed today while on her way to her work. The murderer gave the name of Geo. Reed, but letters found on him prove him to be Father Dominick O'Grady, a Catholic priest who came from Ireland three months ago. Miss Gilmartin is from Sligo county, Ireland.

One of her brothers is Father M. S. Gilmartin, of Chicago. Miss Gilmartin met O'Grady in Ireland, where his attentions caused a gossip. Last September she came to America and has been in this city since January. The girl had got on a street car to go to her work, but in some mysterious manner got off again and was shot almost before her door. O'Grady took arsenic but it did not kill him. He confessed the murder. Among his letters was one written by Miss Gilmartin to the archbishop in Ireland exculpating O'Grady from any wrong doing with her.

ALL THE WAMSUTTA MILLS

Are Likely to be Closed Down by a General Strike.

New Redford, Mass., April 26.—One of the greatest strikes in the history of New Bedford is about to be begun. At a shop meeting of the Wamsutta mill weavers, held here last night to take definite action on the strike of No. 6 mill, which has been on ten weeks, it was almost unanimously voted to call out all weavers in the Wamsutta corporation, numbering about 1,200.

This action, if carried out, means the closing down of every mill under the Wamsutta corporation, and throwing out of employment of 5,000 operatives. Unless a compromise is effected before the end of the week, every loom in the Wamsutta yard will be stopped Monday morning. As a result of to-night's meeting, intense excitement prevails in the city.

AGAINST THE SONS OF VETERANS.

Governor Flower Vetoes the Bill to Allow Them to Bear Arms.

Albany, N. Y., April 25.—Governor Flower has vetoed the bill allowing Sons of Veteran posts to carry arms. He says:

"The bill returned herewith includes Sons of Veterans among those entitled to parade with firearms in public, but exempts them from a liability to be called out to the assistance of the National Guard. If an exception of this sort is made in favor of the Sons of Veterans, there would seem to be no good reason for requiring the same privilege to any other reputable body of citizens, and all kinds of citizen organizations could with propriety demand the right to parade in public with fire-arms."

ACCOMPLISHED THEIR WORK.

The Anti-Chinese Sunday School Society is Broken Up.

Chicago, May 1.—The Chicago anti-Chinese Sunday school society passed out of existence yesterday having accomplished its purpose. Secretary Klinetop said that with one exception the religious instruction of Chinamen was now in the hands of men or matrons and that girls would not be permitted to teach them.

The society is succeeded by the anti-Chinese society, which has for its object the exclusion of every opium-eating Chinaman from America.

Have Sold the Victor Mine.

Colorado Springs, Col., May 1.—The Victor mine at Cripple Creek is reported to have been sold to New York and London capitalists for $520,000. This is the largest sale thus far in the history of the camp.

RIOT IN CLEVELAND.

Seven Thousand Unemployed Men Parade the Streets.

Cleveland, May 1.—Seven thousand unemployed men paraded the streets to-day, after listening to speeches in Monumental square. In the line were many unruly spirits. While on the Central viaduct a motorman refused to stop his train while the procession passed, and the mob attacked and wrecked a car.

Later, nearly 100 shots were fired over another car, which was compelled to stop. Several persons were knocked down during the march, and others were injured by missiles thrown by the mob.

STRIKE IN CLEVELAND.

One Thousand Brickmakers Go Out for an Increase in Wages.

Cleveland, May 1.—Nearly one thousand brickmakers, embracing those employed at all the yards in this city, struck to-day for an advance of wages.

The strike was unattended by violence of any sort. The men have been earning from $1.50 to $2.50 a day, and they ask for an increase of about 50 cents a day.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

It is idle to expect any improvement in the general business situation, and of course in monetary matters, while the present great strikes are on, and new labor disturbances cropping up constantly. There are, in round numbers, 147,000 coal miners on a general strike; the coke workers have renewed the struggle which was recently unsuccessfully waged; and there is an aggregate of many thousand on strikes in the building trades, in silk, woolen and cotton mills, in Alabama iron mills and on Western railways. All this is making business worse and stagnating trade.

Of course, there can be no firm basis for the revival of business until the tariff question is settled, so far as this Congress can settle it. No manufacturer will pile up finished stock for future demands until he knows how far the proposed tariff legislation will affect him; and the fact that the Senate is preparing to amend the Wilson bill as reported by its finance committee puts every one at sea as to what the final shape of the measure will be, with regard to any of our great industries. If the Senate passes the bill, it has to go back to the House, which may disagree to a large number of the Senate changes, and probably will do so. Hence it is idle to speculate on the terms the measure will have when an agreement is finally reached.

Meanwhile, a general reduction of wages has been in progress for months, in expectation of a much lower schedule of duties. Furthermore, it is a fact that there has been, during the past three or four months, a general reduction in the prices of the foreign goods with which our manufacturers have to compete, and this has rendered wage-reduction still more a necessity. Under the changed conditions a lower level of wages in all occupations here become an essential, for no one is going to pursue manufacturing at a loss, and will shut down rather than do so. Organized labor is of course offering stubborn resistance to the reduction, and the outlook is for a summer of labor troubles on a large scale which must end in a yielding to the inevitable—a lower wage-scale—unless the Wilson bill shall fail to pass.

The loan market shows no improvement. The supply of loanable funds in New York is still excessive, with call money at 1 per cent and time loans at 2 and 3 per cent., with business of the slackest description.

Exports of gold from New York for the week ending Saturday as officially reported at the custom-house, were $1,513,905, of which $1,200,000 went to London; of silver, $865,413 to London

There was nothing new in the silver market last week. One of the frequent rumors of the re-opening of the Indian mints caused some speculative buying, but the price was not particularly affected. Bar silver closed in New York Saturday at 64 1-2 cents per ounce.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE TRADE CONDITIONS.

The Outlook is Not Quite so Good as It Was Last Week—Effect of the Strikes on Business.

New York, April 28.—Bradstreet's Review of the state of trade to-day says:

The general business situation throughout the United States is less favorable as shown by reports from more than 50 important distributing points. A specially depressing influence is the strike of 147,000 bituminous coal and coke operatives in 12 states.

Only two cities of 35 reporting in Central, Western and Northwestern states report material improvement in general trade this week—Indianapolis and Kansas City; even at these points the gain is slight. Activity in the stock market is checked by the labor disturbances and the delay in reaching a conclusion on the new tariff bill. Professional operators incline to depress the railroad share list by means of short sales. The market, however, is narrow and subject to reaction. Industrial stocks, however, are strong, and the large short interest in Chicago Gas sustains that stock in the face of adverse legal proceedings. The bond market is quiet but firm. Foreign exchange is dull, but on Friday $1,200,000 in gold was engaged for export to France. Silver had a speculative rise on a rumor that India's mints would re-open, but the quotation for bars has receded to 64 1-2